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For the Register.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST THE TRINITY.

It has been found impossible to explain this doctrine. Whoever has been bold enough to attempt an explanation, has been forced into a position, which when fully and fairly defined is seen to be either nothing less than Tritheism, or, nothing more than Unitarianism. Hence some of the oldest writers in the controversy have been wise enough to refrain from the attempt, admitting that a clear and rational definition of the doctrine was beyond their power. Among them is Dr. Wardlow who, in his discourse upon the Trinity, uses the following language upon this point.

"*Of* the precise import of the term personality as applied to a distinction in Divine Essence, or of the peculiar nature and mode of that distinction, I shall not presume attempting to convey to your minds any clear conception. I cannot impart to you what I do not possess myself; and convinced as I am that such a conception cannot be attained by any, it had been well, I think, if such attempts at explanation by comparisons from nature and otherwise, had never been made. * * * * * We believe that *it is* so, but *how* it is so, we are not ashamed to say, we do not presume even to conjecture." But some go farther than this and admit that it is a doctrine wholly opposed to reason, if not a positive self-contradiction.

"It seems at first sight so very strange and unaccountable," says Dr. South,—"that were it not to be adored as a mystery, it would be exploded as a contradiction." "That three Beings *should* be one Being, is a proposition which certainly contradict reason, that is *our* reason;" says Soame Jenyns.

In the words of still another, (Dr. Hay). "When it is proposed to me to affirm that in the Unity of the Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I have difficulty enough! my understanding is involved in perplexity, my conceptions bewildered in the thickest darkness. I pause, I hesitate, I ask what necessity there is for making such a declaration. * * * * * But does not this confound all our conceptions and make us use words without meaning! I think it does. I confess and proclaim my confusion in the most unequivocal manner: I make it an essential part of my declaration. Did I profess to *understand* what I say, I might be a Tritheist or an infidel; but I could not both worship the one true God and acknowledge Jesus Christ to be Lord of all."

It is also, I believe, generally acknowledged, that this doctrine is not found in the Old Testament, or at least there are several able writers who have admitted this, among whom are Drs. South and Campbell, and Bishops Burnet and Beverage: also, if I am not mistaken,—Prof. Stuart of the Andover Theological Seminary. There are, it is true, many passages which are still brought forward from this source to prove the *Deity of Christ*. But this is, properly speaking, wholly a separate inquiry, as is also that concerning the personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit. For though one should succeed,—if this were possible,—in proving from the Scriptures that Christ is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God, yet unless at the same time, and by the same divine rule, it were proved that these with the Father, in some mysterious and unaccountable way make but one God,—the doctrine of *the Trinity* is not proved; it has only been proved that the Bible teaches that there are *three Gods*. It must then, I think, be admitted by all candid minds that the Trinity is not a doctrine of the Old Testament. But if any one should still insist to the contrary, I would ask him to explain this one fact of history,—that the Jews from our Savior's time to the present day have uniformly rejected this doctrine. You cannot find a Trinitarian Jew, and were you to attempt the conversion of an intelligent one of this people to Christianity, it is very likely that he would urge as one of his principal objections, the impossibility of believing in the Trinity.

Now, it is not my argument, that because this doctrine is not a doctrine of the *Old* Testament, therefore, it cannot be of the *New*; nor yet, because it is a mystery, and *apparently* opposed to our reason, that, therefore, it cannot be true; for we all know that there are many things which at first sight appear unreasonable, but which are unquestionably true. But I do insist that these considerations entitle us to look for the most clear and undoubted revelation of the doctrine in the New Testament, before as Christians we are bound to receive it among the articles of our faith. Nay more, we cannot be *justified* in receiving the doctrine without the most clear and overpowering evidence of this kind. If it is wholly a *new* doctrine, and if it is so difficult of conception and belief, that *reason* is obliged to give it up in confusion and despair, it should be taught very plain indeed by Christ and his Apostles if we are to receive it as true. The proofs should be of such an unquestionable character as should enable the believer to say, "I know that this doctrine which I hold is a very mysterious and difficult one. Reason is no help for me in its defence, but rather goes against me. But the proofs from God's Holy Word are so clear and overpowering that I cannot resist them."

Another consideration which goes to show that the Trinity, in order to be received as an article of Christian faith, should be set forth in the Scriptures with peculiar clearness and force, is *this*; we have already seen that the doctrine of the strict unity of God is taught in the most full and explicit terms throughout both the Old and New Testaments. It is repeated upon almost every page of the Bible. In the New Testament alone it has been found that the word "God" is repeated in 1300 different passages, and, in neither of these instances, is it necessarily implied that there is more than one person in the Godhead, and in but very few of them has there been any claim set up to that effect. In 230 of these passages,—as stated by the same authority, this term God is applied in an absolute sense to the Father, and in seventeen instances he is styled the *one* or *only* God.

Such being the explicit and decisive manner in which the Divine Unity is taught, *how*, let it be asked, should we reasonably expect the doctrine of the trinity to be taught if taught at all? Surely not with *less* precision and certainty. On the contrary we have an undoubted right to look for a still greater definiteness in regard to this doctrine, inasmuch as *seemingly* at least, as all must admit,—it contradicts the great fundamental doctrine of revealed religion,—the strict Unity of God. Especially should this be the case out of a proper and kindly regard to the condition of the Jews already alluded to. For thousands of years they had been taught to regard with the most jealous concern the doctrine that Israel's God was one Lord. And in the time of our Savior it is evident that they had no other belief than that of the strict Unity of God. The Gospel, it should be remembered was first preached to the Jews. If then the Trinitarian doctrine had been a doctrine of the Gospel as originally proclaimed by Christ and his apostles, and if it was expected to be believed by those to whom they preached, is it not most evident that it should have been taught with the utmost explicitness and power!

If it was the intention to introduce a new doctrine among that people, that God was not only *one* as they had been accustomed to believe, but that he was also in some mysterious way *three* as well as one; is it not a reasonable expectation that we should find somewhere in the records of those teachings, at least *one* plain and definite statement of the new doctrine!

Nay, more;—suppose this doctrine *were* thus stated;—suppose that somewhere in the New Testament there was to be found a passage like this;—"In the Unity of the Godhead there be three persons of the same substance, power and eternity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost;"—suppose I say that such had been the plain teaching of Christ and his Apostles;—could the Jew with all his prejudice and blind veneration for the Law of Moses have heard it patiently? Would they not all, *at first* certainly, have treated it with scorn, and would there not have been left some marks of this scornful treatment upon the pages of the New Testament? Such we find was the case in all other important instances of innovation upon Jewish doctrine and custom in regard to the admission of the Gentiles to Christian privileges.

Also, after this, the question whether circumcision was a necessary condition of admission into the Christian Church. How plainly can we trace the workings of the Jewish mind upon these subjects in the writings of the Apostle Paul! We find page after page of his Epistles full of these subjects. It was evidently not till after much controversy that the true Christian way was established upon these points. Should we not look for a similar controversy before the new and difficult doctrine of the Trinity could be established! Surely this could not have been *less* repulsive to the Jew than the other doctrines concerning circumcision and the universality of the Christian religion.

What then shall be said, and what becomes of the Trinity as a doctrine of scripture, when it is found that there are but *three* passages that can with any *show* of reason, be brought forward from the New Testament in its support? Nay, that there are but *two genuine* ones, that in 1 John v. vii. being acknowledged by all trustworthy authority as spurious, and that neither of the two remaining ones [Matt. xxviii. 19 and 2 Cor. xiii, 14] contain any thing like a decisive assertion, or a *clear statement* of the doctrine. Yet such are the facts in the case. It is upon these passages alone that any considerable degree of reliance is placed as *direct* proof of the doctrine in question. At least it must be admitted by all, that if it is not taught in these passages it is not taught at all, i. e. in a *plain* and *direct* manner. Let each one look at these passages and decide for himself whether they are sufficient foundation upon which to rest a doctrine like that of the Trinity. For my own part I have no serious doubt whatever upon the subject.

Some may indeed call it an *essential* doctrine, supposing that all must be eternally ruined who reject it. For my own part I have no fears upon this point. I fear not in the least the Divine displeasure for *rejecting* this doctrine, but I should fear much to *receive* it on so slight and uncertain evidence.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kader, of Ghilou, impressed us with love of truth, in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment." I went on well, till I came near Hamadam, when our Sofillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had done?" Forty dinars, said I, are sewed under my garments. The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt, I was jokingly with him.—"What have you got?" said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood. "What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he. "I have told two of your people already," I replied, "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments!" He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money. "And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly, what had been so carefully concealed?" Because, I replied, I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I will never tell a lie! "Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God?—Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly, at his order, made a restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

[History of Persia.

JOHN FOSTER.

[We protest generally against long articles in a newspaper. But sometimes subjects of great interest come up, which cannot be despatched in a single column, and unless we allow an article of considerable length to appear, we must either give up the subject entirely or treat it only in the most fragmentary way. In such cases we cannot hesitate as to the course which our readers would prefer.

We give below in a condensed form a part of an article from the North British Review, which we have read with unusual interest. John Foster was one of the strong writers of his age, and the place which he has held with the religious public makes it fitting, apart from any particular interest in the article itself, that some account of him should appear in our journal.]

"Like all who indeed *think*, and who muse painfully upon the mysteries of the system in which they find themselves placed, Foster early doubted concerning many things ordinarily held, in his connexion, to be true, and some such points of belief he continued to reject to the last. He wandered not, however, from the precincts of serious faith—faith in Christianity; and no reader of the letters and the journal can hesitate to admit that a deep, a solemn conviction of the reality of things unseen and eternal—a conviction meekly submissive always to the testimony of Scripture—possessed his mind, and governed it. Besides that the high moral tone of his character, and the grandeur of his imagination, held him ever near to the radiant centre of truth, his mind wanted entirely the scientific rudiment, and therefore he was never in peril of skepticism. If he disbelieved some things which others believed, it was not from *disbelief* that he did so; but rather from an overpowering belief—a vivid sense of certain truths which were seemingly incompatible with such and such articles of an orthodox creed. There are men, and many such, who believe everything firmly, precisely because they believe nothing deeply. They doubt nothing, because they never ask themselves what their belief includes and implies; and if only they could, for a moment, get a glimpse of the interior of a mind like Foster's—if they could creep into his bosom, they would come away bereft of a third of their "articles." Foster believed, as superior natures in an upper world believe; and he, on earth, doubted, just where they, in heaven, veil their faces with their wings.

Whatever shocked or countervailed the powerful impulses and genuine instincts of his soul, he cast from him as utterly to be rejected.—Christians should love each other; but, alas! church members too often "bite and devour one another;" and the inference with him is instantaneous—not that church members should be admonished and reformed, but that churches are nuisances, and should be dissolved, one and all!

On the occasion of a violent dissension between two religious societies, which came under his immediate notice, he speaks of obtaining plenty of confirmation, if he had needed it, of his old opinion, that churches are useless and mischievous institutions, and the sooner they are dissolved the better. * * * He believed that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union of church-membership; and that at all events, its benefits were greatly overrated. With the exception of public worship and the Lord's supper, he was averse to everything institutional in religion. He never administered, nor even witnessed, in mature life, (it is believed,) the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity. In writing to a friend, (Sept. 10, 1828) he says:—"I have long felt an utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the *church*, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, or honors. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all church institutions, of all orders and shapes, that *religion* might be set free, as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted, and prostituted by corporation forms and principles."—Vol. i., p. 61.

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Foster's proper sphere was that vast region wherein there is neither pathway nor rest for the foot of man—a region into which every serious and reflective mind makes an excursion early in its course, and from which calm and well-ordered minds presently retire trembling, and forbidding themselves any renewed endeavors to penetrate its awful gloom.

"I sometimes fall into profound musings on the state of this great world—on the nature and the destinies of man, on the subject of the question, 'What is truth?' The whole hemisphere of contemplation appears inexpressibly strange and mysterious. It is cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, and alps upon alps! It is in vain to declaim against skepticism. I feel with an emphasis of conviction and wonder, and regret, that almost all things are involved in shade, that many things are covered with thickest darkness, that the number to which certainty belongs is small. * * * I hope to enjoy 'the sunshine of the other world.' One of the very few things that appear to me not doubtful, is the truth of Christianity in general; some of the evidences of which I have lately seen most ably stated by Archdeacon Paley in his book on the subject."—Vol. i. p. 89.

Not merely did he hold fast his profession as a Christian, amid these cheerless musings, but, even while indulging them without restraint, he became more and more decisive in his adoption of the most serious form of theological belief. Writing from Chichester to his parents, March 25, 1799, where he was surrounded with a deadening heterodoxy, he says:—

"My opinions are more Calvinistic than when I first came here; so much so as to be in direct hostility with the leading principles of belief in this society. The greatest part of my views are, I believe, accurately Calvinistic. My opinion respecting future punishments is an exception."—Vol. i., p. 99.

Similar professions occur elsewhere, and they are entitled to the most entire confidence. Minds of less compass, clearness, and depth than his, and equally addicted to meditation, very usually run off into mysticism, gnosticism, pantheism as their place of repose. Foster's was too profound not to know well that these several illusions serve to alleviate nothing, to solve nothing, to illuminate nothing; that they are vapors which may indeed show bright and gaudy colors when seen at a great distance, but in the bosom of which, if one enters them, there is nothing but chill and gloom. By the aid of those moral instincts which attach to a great mind, he kept himself anear to the effulgent source of light and heat, although "clouds and darkness are round about it."

His letters to his "honored parents" exhibit, with a sort of boyish simplicity, and continue to do so even after he had passed the meridian of life, the interior of his soul, as a devout Christian. Those addressed to his early and most congenial friend, the late accomplished Joseph Hughes, take, as might be supposed, a higher tone, and they beautifully develope that which the former only indicated, namely, the deepest reverence toward God, the most ardent desires for Christian advancement and usefulness, and a readiness, the very opposite of the skeptical feeling, to bow to the undoubted testimony of Scripture when once it is ascertained. His friend had, as it seems, with a faithful but overdone severity, called him to account on the question of evangelic piety; in reply, and with a child-like humility, he pleads his own cause, (Letter XXIX.) and makes an ample profession of *sufficient* orthodoxy—a profession, we confidently think, which, although Dr. Gill might perhaps have spurned it, St. Paul would have accepted with tears of love. To the same purpose—we need not cite it—is a letter to his tutor, Dr. Fawcett, (XXXIII) breathing a tender conscientiousness, and an ingenious warmth. But at this period, and just before his reputation had set him safe from such annoyances, he was paying the penalty, or was expecting every moment to be called upon to pay it, which is exacted always, by narrow sects, from an individual, beneath their sway, who is suspected of daring to keep a soul and mind of his own.

It is a vexation to find, and we must infer it, from the tone of Foster's expostulations, that his friend Hughes, candid and kind-hearted as he was, had given in to this prejudice of the sect, and, while much his inferior intellectually, was treating him in something like a supercilious manner, as a man compromised by suspicion of the plague, and who should, therefore, keep himself off from clean folks. Foster does not resent this unworthy treatment; he only says, "You do not understand me." Hughes could not fully—although somewhat more than did the good folks assembling in the vestry of Battersea Meeting House on "a week evening," understand the man who, with a discriminating sense of his individual character, and without arrogance, notes it himself, that he holds easier correspondence with God, than with his fellows.

"(In the vestry of Battersea Meeting, during evening service.) Most emphatic feeling of my individuality—my insulated existence—except that close and interminable connexion, from the very necessity of existence, with the Deity. To the continent of human nature, I am a small *island* near its coast; to the Divine existence, I am a small *peninsula*."—P. 183, *Journal* (434.)

At a prayer-meeting the "peninsular" relationship is naturally uppermost in his thoughts:—in a party, the "insular."

"How often have I entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, &c. &c., &c., were critically appreciated and self-complacently condemned, but, at the same time, with the bold consciousness that the inquisition could reach no further. I have said with myself, 'My *character*, that is the *man*, laughs at you behind this veil; I may be the devil for what you can tell, and you would not perceive neither if I were an angel of light."—Vol. i., p. 206.

What was needed (early discipline and intercourse with persons of highly-cultured minds, might perhaps have supplied the deficiency) was such a rectification of his piety as would have rendered it less imaginative, and such an invigoration of the social affections as would have brought his piety into combination with benevolence: too far the one overlaid and stifled the other. Nevertheless the yearnings of the social affections, intense and tender, meet the eye everywhere in Foster's journal.

"Why is this being, that looks at me and talks, whose bosom is warm, and whose nature and wants resemble my own, necessary to me! This kindred being whom I love, is more to me than all yonder stars of heaven, and than all the inanimate objects on earth. Delightful necessity of my nature! But to what a world of disappointments and vexations is this social feeling liable, and how few are made happy by it in any such degree as I picture to myself and long for!"—Vol. i. p. 228.

Foster felt himself insulated in general society from a cause analagous to that which insulates a man in a foreign land; for there was no medium between himself and the beings around him; and the forced endeavors made to break through the obstruction serve only to confirm his resolution not to repeat the attempt. "Spent part of an hour in company with a handsome young woman and a friendly little cat. The young woman was ignorant and unsocial. I felt as if I could more easily make *society* of the *cat*." The inference that he was not social, because his behavior and habits were those of a recluse, would have been as erroneous as the supposition that he had no sense of the beautiful in nature, because his practice was—even when residing in the midst of scenery the most agreeable—to shut himself up for weeks, nay months, treading the boards of a dingy and dusty attic, to and fro, many miles every day. In the enjoyment of abundant animal energy—with the most absolute command of his time—unquestioned by any one, the very man who, when abroad, would stand an hour fixedly gazing at a tree, and to whom a tour in Wales afforded unutterable delight, freely imprisoned himself in a garret through a large portion of his best years! An inconsistency seemingly so strange, may no doubt, in good part be attributed to constitutional animal indolence; perhaps in part to his dread of encountering on the way—just at the corner of a street, or, worse still, midway on a field path, where a turn off could not be effected—some worthy biped with whom he must have exchanged (terrible annoyance) a few phrases of civility! But besides; as Foster shunned common society because his converse with himself afforded him a higher enjoyment than he could derive from intercourse with others, so he shut himself in his attic, even during the most splendid seasons, because the luxuries of the imagination—luxuries purely intellectual—were more exquisite than the primary, or *elementary* gratifications, which the mind admits direct from the eye.

* * * * *

Happily the social element—in few bosoms of greater intensity than in his—was at length rescued from extinction by the opening of the conjugal and parental affections. Had it not been so, the writer of passages such as the following might have ended in actually becoming—what he had long been erroneously calling himself—"a misanthrope." Let those take warning who indulge sentiments, at first for the mere sake of intellectual excitement, but by which, at length, they are mastered. This sort of moody luxury is, in truth, always a perilous sporting with the demon—it is a tempting of Satan:—

"I should nauseate the place (Frome) if I had been habituated to it a century. At first I felt an intense loathing; I hated every house, timber, stone, and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers in the country round.—I have indeed long since lost all attachment to this world as a locality, and shall never regain it. Neither, indeed, for this do I care; we shall soon leave it forever. * * * I now seldom, comparatively, think of politics; when I do, it is with a hatred of the prevailing system, which becomes but more intense by time."—Vol. i., p. 304.

"When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own." This is precisely the indication of a mind's having reached the line of demarcation between the world of love and the world of *unlove*, or hatred. He who has actually passed that border—in the wrong direction, is *not* "glad," even for "*their* sakes," when he encounters those who are distinguished by wisdom and goodness;—not glad, for he writhes, stung with his own venom. He who lives on the bright side of the border is glad, not *severally*, as if *first* for his *own* sake, and then for theirs, but with a suffused, indiscriminating joyousness, the same in element as that of a brighter world, where there is a "fulness of joy," in which all that is restrictive is drowned. Foster's character was in very great danger at this period; yet a hopeful revulsion seems to have commenced—a symptom, or an incidental cause of which was a returning converse with nature.

"I have done more justice to the beautiful season this year than in many former ones; for I have taken many solitary walks, and, with a book and pencil in my hand, have done my best to catch all the ideas, images, objects, and reflections that the most beautiful aspects and scenes of nature could supply. I have felt it of some consequence to me, if I am to write again, to assemble as many natural facts and images as possible, to supply what may be called colors to writing. I must increase the stock, or else I shall soon be *out*, as I have expended a great deal of material on what is already written.

"Into company I cannot actually take this book and pencil, but I endeavor to seize fast every remarkable circumstance, and each disclosure of character that I witness, and then, when I return to my room, they go down by dozens into my book. I keep to my text on the subject of forming new friendships; I am quite too old for it. When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own."—Vol. i., p. 324.

"I never have been more enchanted with a summer since I left whatever part of creation or chaos I lived in in former ages, and came to this our green orb. I took frequent solitary walks; even as matter of duty, I did it sometimes, when the attraction of pleasure might have failed to overcome my great indisposition to move. Those walks were commonly in the retired fields and woody lanes, of which I found a number this last summer in this neighborhood, some of them very beautiful, as well as extremely quiet.—There are, besides, two or three extremely beautiful valleys not far from this town. As to the town itself, I do not know whether I told you how much I nauseate it; but no length of time would ever cure my loathing of it. But sweet nature! I have conversed with her with inexpressible luxury; I have almost worshipped her. A flower, a tree, a bird, a fly, has been enough to kindle a delightful train of ideas and emotions, and sometimes to elevate the mind to sublime conceptions. When the autumn stole on, I observed it with the most vigilant attention, and felt a pensive regret to see those forms of beauty, which tell that all the beauty is going soon to depart. One autumnal flower (the white convolvulus) excited very great interest, by recalling the season that I spent at Chichester, where I happened to be very attentive to this flower, and once or twice, if you recollect, endeavored to draw it with the pencil. I have at this moment the most lively image of my doing this, and of the delight I used to feel in looking at this beautiful flower in the hedges of those paths and fields with which both you and I are so well acquainted."—Vol. i., p. 333.

This returning converse with nature was a sort of anastomosing in his moral constitution; for it maintained a vital connection with his social system, after the trunk arteries of love and fellowship had been, or seemed to be, severed. Whoever, with a *genuine* delight, still relishes green fields and flowers, should be treated as recoverable to humanity. So important, therefore, in education is the culture of tastes which, among the ill influences of after life, may, when themselves refreshed, become the channels for conveying refreshment to the better affections of the soul.

At length, however, those channels of the heart through which life's blood flowed feebly to sustain the social sentiments, became invigorated by a thorough reanimation of the loving faculty. Foster was soon to be united to the woman of his choice—a companion "meete for *him*"—an intellectualist, and one, we should presume, very much of his own order—even the "Friend" to whom the Essays were addressed. It is curious to hear him, a few weeks previous to his marriage, greeting the spring in new strains of pleasure. Heretofore, it was not the verdant glories of June that could avail to entice him from his lumber room; but now, behold him! within a mile of the "nauseated" Frome, thus revelling amid the beauties, not of June, not of May, not of April, but of March, and even of the first week in March:—

Frome, March 3, 1808.

"Yes! the spring does open upon me with a fascination which I have not felt before, notwithstanding that I have often felt a kind of worship of nature on the return of that delightful season, with its flowers, birds, and genial gales. This once I certainly do feel in its first indications a deeper charm than I did even in my youth, when I was as full of fancy and sentiment as any poet. For several years I have been much less susceptible of the vernal impressions, and have considered myself as advancing fast towards the state of feeling which I recollect P——, a few years since, described himself to me as having reached—the state of feeling no impression at all. And no doubt it is from the new and adventitious cause, that I have felt such luxury in the beautiful days which we have had for a week past."—Vol. i., p. 352.

This marriage—he was then in his thirty-seventh year—appears to have been thoroughly a happy one; nor was it rendered otherwise by the personal sufferings and the domestic sorrows that attended the lapse of years. It occurred just time enough in his history to save Foster from the miserable fate which had seemed to threaten him—that of being eaten alive by his own cyclopean and pampered imagination. Far more happy now than heretofore, he could, and did, without effort, put himself in the way of those kindly sentiments towards himself, of which, spite of himself, his amiable qualities and real worth had made him the object. Some months after his marriage he visited Frome, and thus reports his reception:—

"At Frome I was received with the most animated kindness, both among the richer and poorer class of my acquaintance—a kindness to which I could not make an adequate return in the way of giving much of my company, as I had determined not to stay more than three days. I felt the propriety, even as a matter of appearance, of not being like a rambler from home, besides the impatience of affection to be again with my dear, domestic associate. I returned to her at the time I had determined, found her well, and was welcomed with inexpressible tenderness. The felicity of thus rejoining her seemed to me to exceed even the joy of being first united to her. Nearly four months have now elapsed since that time, and on both sides the affectionate complacency has very sensibly increased. We both every day express our gratitude to Heaven for having given us to each other, and we hope that it will continue a cause of the most lively gratitude as long as we live, and also in a state after death. I most entirely believe that no man on earth has a wife more fondly affectionate, more anxious to promote his happiness, or more dependent for her own on his tenderness for her. In the greatest number of opinions, feelings, and concerns, we find ourselves perfectly agreed; and when anything occurs on which our judgments and dispositions differ, we find we can discuss the subject without violating tenderness, or in the least losing each other's esteem, even for a moment. Greater trials of our mutual affection and respect than any that have yet occurred, will undoubtedly arise in the course of life, if it is considerably protracted; but the experiment thus far has given us a stronger confidence in the perpetuity of tenderness and harmony than it was possible for us to have previously to any experiment at all.—Vol. i., p. 373.

What would the now-vaunted "holy celibacy" have done for Foster! Had he lived in the times of its influence, he would doubtless have plunged into that horrible pit, and would there have become a monster—not indeed of wickedness, but of misery. None but those who have dipped into the memoirs of monkery can understand, just in a case like Foster's, what is the *infinite moral value* of ordinary expressions such as these that follow. Writing soon after the birth of a son, he says:—"Physically, the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. My wife is still extremely well for the time, and I hope will soon be restored to her full health and strength. It is she that I care fifty times more about than I should about any infant." Nevertheless, he was not the abstracted, or the indifferent father which literature sometimes renders a man. Let the reader look to the Letters, which we cannot cite, relative to the illness and death of this son. Married life was a new birth to Foster, and it overtook him precisely at the right moment; for at length his mind had reached its maturity; he had firmly taken his place, too, in literature; and those depths of thought he had plunged into, (enriching his writings) which a man with a wife at his side—not being a Xantippe—is little likely to attempt; and, moreover, the moody recluse was still in a state to be recoverable as a man.

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A beautiful feature of Foster's personal character, and a very prominent one too, as well as an infallible criterion of the genuingness of his moral sentiments, is his filial piety. From the first to the last, and long after he had begun to call himself an old man, his letters to his "honored parents," if they do not conspicuously exhibit *his intellect*, yet are such as prove *theirs* to have been—their rank and education considered, of an unusual sort. What must that old woman have been, if indeed letters, such as some of those addressed by Foster to his then very aged mother, could have been intended by him to meet *her* level of thought! These letters, conjoined with the pertinent fact that to the last, and through years when his income was narrow and precarious, he "contributed liberally to the support of his parents," exhibit him in a light which sheds a steady effulgence upon his character as a great writer and a man of genius.

"My wife and the brats are still well," he says; and "papa," having in his nature all the needful elements of paternal philosophy, early learned to adjust his habits to his new position.

"Those brats are just now making a great noise, and running about to make themselves warm, in the house under me. I have noticed the curious fact of the difference of the effect of what other people's children do and one's own. In the situations I have formerly been in, any great noise and racket of children would have extremely incommoded me if I wanted to read, think, or write. But I never mind as to any such matter of convenience *how much* din is made by *these* brats, if it is not absolutely in the room where I am at work. When I am with them, I am apt to make them, and join in making them, make a still bigger tumult and noise, so that their mother sometimes complains that we all want whipping together. As to liking freaks and vivacity, I do not feel myself much older than I was twenty years since. I have a great dislike to all stiff, and formal, and unnecessary gravity. If it were not so, I should be to children quite an old man, and could have no easy companionship with them. It must be a great evil for parents to have with their children an immovable, puritanical solemnity, especially when the disproportion in age is so unusually great as in my case. But I feel no tendency to this; of course, to avoid it is no matter of effort or self-denial."—Vol. i. p. 387.

[To be Continued.]

EXTRACTS FROM MR. GREENWOOD'S JOURNAL.

Mr Greenwood being obliged to leave his parish in consequence of ill health, went to England in May, 1820. From his journal, just published among his Miscellaneous writings we make a few detached extracts.

WRENTNALL IN WALES.

June 20. In this retreat I have spent several days, and in delightful society. I have a horse at my service, on whose back I explore the country in all directions. The people so far as I have seen them, are moral, contented, civil and obliging. They attend the parish church regularly, where their behavior is decent and devout, and bring their children with them, who are all put together and instructed to read the responses clearly and correctly. They are far more humble in their manners than the American country-people; and when they accost you in the road it is with a respectful manner, with hat in hand, and not with a familiar nod of equality, as is the case with the New England farmer, if he thinks it worth his while to accost you at all. There is such a thing as being civil without being servile, I know; but it struck me that the bow of the poor man in England to a gentleman was rather too low to be made to a being of the same order in the creation as himself; and though I am disposed to think that the poor man in America is often more pert than is becoming, I would rather see him err on this side than on the other. Wealth and talents must always make an aristocracy in society, let the form of government be what it will, and they must always command as much respect as is their due; the only fear is that they may exact more. There is by no means so wide a difference made by nature in our race, that a tithe of mankind are to be looked up to as gods and the nine other parts to be spit upon as dogs; and therefore it is, that I dislike to see a man exhibit the least symptom of forgetting his manhood and the respect which he should pay to his own self. I am no leveller. I am sure that the head should think and govern, and the hands and feet work and walk, because God and nature intended these to be their proper offices. I dread a mob; but even the excesses of a mob are but the uneducated and misdirected impulses of a high and natural feeling, which becomes dangerous and dreadful only because it wants the means of education and direction, and bursts forth with fury because it suffers an ignominious, galling and unnatural confinement. Thus it is in the republic of America we have no fear of mobs, in the monarchies of England and France they are under constant apprehension from their violence. In the former country, the constitution of society gives to every man as much importance as he ought to have, and generally speaking, as much as he wants; while, under the latter governments, the low are perpetually envying the high for distinctions which the high are determined to withhold from them. Though I think what I have said is in general true, yet I do not mean to apply it too strictly to the people among whom I now reside. They certainly appeared, as I have observed, to be contented, and, though civil not servile. I was led into the above remarks by the difference which I observed between their manners and those of my countrymen—a difference which becomes wider and more remarkable when we carry our reflections from the calmness of a sequestered village to more extensive scenes of action, and fields where the passions are more severely provoked and more frequently roused.

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BIRMINGHAM.

July 23. I was introduced yesterday to the Rev. James Yates, one of the ministers of the New Meeting, and one who, by his "Vindication of Unitarianism," in reply to Mr Wardlaw, has proved himself worthy of succeeding to the pulpit of the learned and virtuous, though persecuted Dr. Priestly. He is quite youthful in his appearance, has a habit of withdrawing his eyes from you and casting them on the ground, and is rather reserved and silent in conversation. He invited me to breakfast with him this morning: I went, and after our repast, he took me with him it being Sunday, to church. The only monumental tablet in the meeting house is one to the memory of Dr Priestly. It is a plain marble slab inserted in the wall, bearing an excellent inscription, which I was told came from the pen of Dr. Parr. At the bottom of the tablet is a medallion with a head of Dr. Priestly.

July 24. At three o'clock to-day I took the stage-coach to Warwick. The dress and appearance of my sole companion, inside, bespoke him a clergyman of the Establishment; and so he turned out to be. He was very affable and communicative, and appeared to be possessed of liberal feelings and an enlightened mind. He pointed out to me the house of Dr. Priestly, or rather a house which stood on the same site with that which was demolished by the Birmingham mob. He was in Birmingham at the time of this outrage and spoke of it as an abominable and disgraceful event, but tried to excuse what cannot be excused. He said that the active participators in the riot were but few in number; and he could only attribute their not being checked and dispersed sooner than they were, to a stupor which seized the magistrates, and which often will seize upon the energies of the best disposed. There were faults to be pardoned, he added, on both sides; and he had no doubt but that the high existing state of political excitement and the exultation which was manifested by Dr. Priestley and his friends, at the successes of the French Revolution, were, more than his religious principles, the cause of that odium which produced such lamentable results. He had always entertained the highest esteem and respect for the character and talents of Dr. P., and was on the footing of intimacy with him, although they had been engaged in a theological controversy. He was much younger than the Doctor, when he ventured to write against him, and, though there were many things in his pieces which only youth could excuse, he thought that the Doctor handled him much too roughly. He told me that, going to see Dr. Priestley one day, he was shown into his library: the table was covered with open folios and the desk with quires of manuscript, but the Dr. was not there. He opened a door which led from the library and beheld the object of his visit, with an apron tied round his waist, covered with smoke and perspiration, and surrounded by alembics, blowpipes, and all the apparatus of a laboratory. "Bless me," exclaimed Mr B., "how is it, Dr. that, with all your study in your library, and all your philosophical investigations here, you can find time to write as you do against us orthodox!" "O," said the Doctor, "I set apart an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening just to tease you a little."

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I can only remember that I saw a collection of pictures, which was worthy being the gift of a nation to its favorite, and that this collection was particularly rich in the productions of Rubens.—Yet there was one, which, among all the rest, attracted and rivited my attention, and on which I continued to gaze and gaze, while my clock-work conductor was describing pictures to himself in another part of the house. It was one of those beautiful things in the world which we congratulate ourselves on having seen, which we lay by in the choice places of our memory, to help make up its pleasures and enrich its stores, to which we love to return, on which we delight to dwell, and which ever brings a most precious and holy feeling in its company. It was a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce. Sweet indeed, was the imagination which pictured to itself so sweet a creation, and sweet was the touch of that pencil which could transfer it to the canvass, and show it to the world. The virgin's face was more than beautiful, it was heavenly; and there was no need of the circle of stars over her head, to prove that the painter worshiped her. The fingers were most delicately rounded and tapered, the moulding of the hand was perfect, and the raised eyes had a humid light in them which I had never observed in any picture before. It was such a form, in short, as we never expect on earth, and such as is only brought by fancy in her most propitious dreams and to her most favored votaries.

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Between the works of men of different countries, different ages, and different persuasions, there is a difference as wide; but men themselves are still the same. In the splendid arches, and with the affecting service of the cathedral, there is not a whit more of genuine piety and elevation of thought than there is beneath the plain roof and with the plainer service of the meeting-house or the convention. Go not, therefore, into one of these glorious edifices with the expectation of joining in the worship of the Almighty, with those whose hearts are melted and whose minds are exalted by every sublime association and aid in the performance of their holiest duty; for you will still meet with the indifferent, the trifling, the vain, the worthless and the worldly; and as the fat monk and the trim baron muttered and kneeled there in days long gone, so you will find the dull priest and the dandy gentleman, preaching, and praying, and chanting there still.

RELIGIOUS MEDITATION.

BY REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

"It cannot be denied that there is a great difference now. Not that Christians may not be found in many sects, and copiously in some, with whom the old devout habit is maintained in all integrity; of whose existence it is a simple and sincere ingredient: who still find an open door between heaven and earth, and pass in and out with free and earnest heart. But these represent the characteristic spirit of a former, rather than of the present age. The sentiments of our own times every where betray the growing encroachments of the ontward upon the inward life.

This change is no fit subject for unmixed complaint; much less must we desire to terrify men like culprits, into alarm at their impiety, and an affected resumption of the ancient discipline.—Old ways of life are not thrown aside, until they become untrue; and when they have become untrue, their sanctity is gone; though the usage of churches may plead for them, the

resort to the plough, the loom, the ship, and all the arts by which it is given to man to make the earth at once his subject and his friend. But let us also admit that the outward life has for some time past tyrannized over us; extravagantly invading our private habits; narrowing our modes of thought and sentiment; benumbing our consciousness of a spiritual nature; and impairing to us the reality of God. Let us own that the Divine spirit is gone into distance and strangeness from us, and is hard to reach; that solitude brings no unspeakable converse, no ready consecration; that the things just next the senses and understanding seem nearer to us than those that touch the soul; that the crowd and noise are too close and constant upon us, confusing our better perceptions, and leading us always to look round, seldom to look up; that the glare of the lamps has destroyed the midnight and put out the stars.

Now this despotism of the outward over the inward life, this suppression of every attribute not immediately wanted for business or society, is a misfortune which every noble mind will assuredly withstand. It is not right to live as if God were asleep, and Heaven only a murmur from his dreams. It should make some difference to a man, whether his Creator be here in the present, or gone off into the past; whether he himself dwells in the hollow of a living hand, or, with nothing beyond him but necessity, struggles for his place in a dead, deserted world. And this difference will not be realized, nor any lofty truth of character attained, by those who disown the claims of lonely thought and silence in religion.

There is an act of the mind, natural to the earnest and the wise, impossible only to the sensual and the fool, healthful to all who are sincere, which has small place in modern usage, and which few can now distinguish from vacuity. Those who knew what it was called it *meditation*. * * * Its view is not personal and particular, but universal and immense,—the sweep of the nocturnal telescope over the infinitely great, not the insight of the solar microscope into the infinitely small. It brings, not an intent self-consciousness and spiritual egotism, but almost a renunciation of individuality, a mingling with the universe, a lapse of our little drop of existence into the boundless ocean of being. It does not find for us our place in the known world, but loses it for us in the unknown. It puts nothing clearly beneath our feet, but a vault of awful beauty above our head. It gives us no matter for criticism and doubt, but every thing for wonder and for love. It does not suggest indirect demonstration, but furnishes immediate perception of things divine, eye to eye with the saints, spirit to spirit with God, peace to peace with Heaven. In thus being alone with the truth of things, and passing from shows and shadows into communion with the everlasting One, there is nothing at all impossible and out of reach. He is not faded or slow to bring his light, any more than his sunshine, which is bright and swift as ever. He was no nearer to Christ on Tabor or in Gethsemane, than to us this day and every day. Neither the nature he inspires, nor his perennial inspiration, grows any older with the lapse of time; every human being that is born is a first man, fresh in this creation, and as open to Heaven as if Eden were spread around him; and every blessed kindling of faith and new sanctity is a touch of his spirit as living, a gift as immediate from his exhaustless store of holy power, as the strength that befriended Christ in temptation, and the angel-calm that closed his agony. Is it not promised forever to the pure in heart that they shall see God? Let any true man go into silence; strip himself of all pretence, and selfishness, and sensuality and sluggishness of soul; lift off thought after thought, passion after passion, till he reaches the inmost deep of all; remember how short a time, and he was not at all; how short a time again, and he will not be here; open his window and look upon the night, how still its breath, how solemn its march, how deep its perspective, how ancient its form of light; and think how little he knows except the perpetuity of God, and the mysteriousness of life; and it will be strange if he does not feel the Eternal Presence as close upon his soul, as the breeze upon his brow; if he does not say, "O Lord art thou ever near as this, and have I not known thee?"—if the true proportions and the genuine spirit of life did not open his heart with infinite clearness, and show him the littleness of his temptations, and the grandeur of his trust. He is ashamed to have found weariness in toil so light, and tears where there was no trial to the brave. He discovers with astonishment how small the dust that has blinded him, and from the height of a quiet and holy love, looks down with incredulous sorrow on the jealousies and fears and irritations that have vexed his life. A mighty wind of Resolution sets in strong upon him and freshens the whole atmosphere of his soul; sweeping down before it the light flakes of difficulty, till they vanish like snow upon the sea. He is imprisoned no more in a small compartment of time, but belongs to an eternity which is now and here. The isolation of his separate spirit passes away; and with the countless multitude of souls akin to God, he is but a wave of His unbounded deep. He is at one with Heaven, and hath found the secret place of the Almighty."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

THE PROSPECTS OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

We believe that the prospects of truly liberal Christianity, have never been so good as at the present hour. But in using the expression, truly liberal Christianity, we do not confine ourselves to what is called Unitarianism. We honor the Catholic faith wherever we find it, and as it advances through all denominations, we recognise the coming of that kingdom which is more to us than what is included under any single sectarian name. Wherever this element is found, there the reign of formalism and bigotry and cant is at an end, and selfishness and sin under their ten thousand disguises are detected and put to flight.

Now, no one can compare the periodical religious press with what it was fifteen years ago, without seeing how much the asperity of Theological warfare has abated, and how much more kindly the style of expression between the different denominations now is than it was then. We no longer stand in hostile attitudes towards each other. There is a greater approximation than formerly in religious opinion among the different Protestant sects, and the lessons of toleration we are beginning to understand much better than heretofore; while there is a general disposition to recognise something higher than opinion on contested points of Theology as the true bond of Christian Union. In these respects things have greatly improved, and so far there has been a real and important development of liberal Christianity.

It is well for us to bear this in mind. If we looked solely to our own denomination we might be discouraged. True, there never was a period when Unitarians had so many Churches as now, or when they had a more able and zealous ministry, or so wide a field. But at the same time, here in Massachusetts, things are not as they were five and twenty years ago, when almost all the distinguished men of the State were Unitarians;—when the literature, intelligence, public spirit, wealth and social influence were almost entirely on that side. Now the tendency is elsewhere, and the fashion, at least, if not the intelligence, of the community is setting decidedly in another direction.

In part this may easily be accounted for. Our views have ceased to attract by their novelty. The signal ability and success, with which they have been put forth and defended, by, in a measure, exhausting the subject, have rendered it less attractive to young and ardent minds, who are now drawn off either by Rationalism, or by what is called the Pusey movement in the Episcopal Church. Many of the most zealous among our young people, and who make the most stir and noise in the religious world, have been thus drawn away, and by their proselyting zeal and commotion, would give the impression that they are much more numerous and powerful than they are.

In the meanwhile the great body of sober minded, considerate, substantial men, remain very much where they have been in times past, among the different Congregational denominations; but in consequence of these eccentric movements to the opposite extremes, they have learned to lay less stress on extreme Theological opinions, to find themselves insensibly drawn to sympathise more strongly with each other, and to regard as more essential the central principles of Christian faith and duty, which are the true bond of union among Protestants. For instance, Unitarians, finding that they could not harmonise with those who renounce altogether the authority of Christ, have begun to review the grounds on which they had cried out so vehemently against the Intolerance of the Orthodox, who denounced as heretics, cast out from the pale of the true Church, with none among them duly authorised to administer the holy sacraments, have begun to consider whether they have not gone too far in denouncing and excommunicating others for opinion's sake. The consequence has been, as we have stated above, a slight but decided approximation both in opinion and feeling. They are not so widely separated from us as they have been. We are becoming more Evangelical, they more liberal; and, though we do not expect any formal union or public recognition on their part of our claims to be Christians, still the tone of feeling among them is evidently against the severe Church discipline which has prevailed, while we are seeking a higher and more purely Christian faith. The great work, for which we and our fathers have so earnestly labored, is going on in their midst, and, if our Churches, as such, should be entirely disbanded and our ministers and Theological Schools, struck out of existence, the cause of liberal Christianity has so established itself in the hearts of the Orthodox denominations, that it must finally triumph.

For this reason we look with much less anxiety than we otherwise should to the progress of our own sect. The work, which we were organized to do, those against whom we were once arrayed, are now doing for us, not perhaps with so clear an idea of the end proposed as we may have, but still they are going on with it, as if urged forward by the hand of Providence and the resistless tendency of the age. We gladly recognise these agencies, and though what they are doing may take from our importance as a denomination, it adds to the strength of our cause. If it should prevent the growth and multiplication of our Churches, it is because those who have heretofore been driven by the dearth abroad to take refuge among us, may now find the bread they need elsewhere.

In what we have said above, we have not alluded to the Universalists and Christians, two large and zealous denominations, differing from us in some points of doctrine, but professedly agreeing in the liberality of their aims;—both resting on the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice, and denying the imposition of all creeds and all discipline, which may conflict with the freedom required by that great fundamental principle of our Protestant Religion.

GOOD BOOKS.

Books of practical piety we mean,—those fitted to keep alive the spirit of devotion in our hearts, to assist us in our difficulties, to comfort us in our despondency, to throw light on the path of religious duty, and help us in our religious meditations. We have very few such, written by men of our own denomination. We have been, as others have said, an intellectual people, presenting religion on that side. But we have done little to furnish those closet companions which so endear themselves to the devout heart. The best book of this class, and infinitely above all others, of course, is the Bible, and it would be a great misfortune, if we should become so attached to any other as to be withdrawn from the daily perusal of this. Next to the Bible, we do not hesitate to place the Book of Common Prayer. It indeed, in a very few words, recognises doctrines which do not belong to Christianity; but making these exceptions, its prayers more nearly meet our own wants than any other manual of devotion. The Chapel Liturgy prepared from this and matured by the severe taste of Dr. Greenwood, is freed of most of the objectionable parts, while it preserves unbroken whatever is purely devotional.

Selections from Fenelon, by Mrs. Follen, is an admirable book, which we should be glad to place in the hands of every one, who is seeking to lead a religious life. In Baxter's Saint's Rest there are strains of almost heavenly piety, but as a whole we have not been greatly interested in it, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress has never moved us. We cannot understand how a man, who has written such exquisite hymns, could write so dull a book. Scougal's Life of God in the Soul is excellent, and so is Cecil's Remains. Jeremy Taylor unites with strains of richest poetry the most loving spirit of devotion, the most searching methods of self-examination, and beyond the others whom we have mentioned in this paragraph an enlarged and comprehensive system of faith. Law is a more severe, but, we think, a less practical writer, although his Serious Call might seem to be more so. Sibbes's Soul's Conflict is suited to a calmly meditative state of mind, and to such an one is full of encouragement and instruction. His Bruised Reed is much less edifying. Boston's Crook in the Lot we are not familiar with, but have heard it spoken of by those whose judgment in such things we respect, as a valuable book of its kind, quaint, forcible and original. But above these, and next to Fenelon, in some respects even above him, we would place the Imitation of Christ. No one knows by whom it was written, but it certainly must have been by one who had drank long and deeply from the fountain of purest inspiration. It takes us down into our hearts and shows us how things are there as seen by the light which comes from heaven. Its most didactic parts are like a prayer, while the prayers of our modern devotional books are often but didactic exercises, in which we perform the part of instructors.

Except the Bible and Chapel Liturgy, all the works that we have mentioned are Orthodox. With their Theology we do not fully sympathise; —with the Calviniatic least, with the Episcopal more and with the Roman Catholic most of all.

This is a branch of writing in which we, as a denomination, have done almost nothing. The Formation of the Christian Character, is excellent as far as it goes, and as far as it pretends to go. It is full of useful precepts and rules for leading a religious life, and fills a most important place, but not *the* place, which a perfect book of the class that we have been speaking of ought to fill, and in respect to which no human production that we know of, satifies us. It must rest on a pure Theology, and yet not obtrude its Theological dogmas. It must be wise and practical in its precepts; but come to us as a loving companion, breathing into us the spirit of prayer rather than telling us how to pray. It must bring us into communion with Christ, encompassing us as with the atmosphere of his love, till the world loses its hold on our affections, and our souls are wrapt in devout meditation or lifted up in prayer. Something of this spirit is to be found in Herbert's poems, something in the holy raptures of Fenelon, and perhaps even more in The Imitation of Christ. But the Gospel of St. John is the perfect model, and no man can supply what we want, who has not, with the beloved Apostle, leaned on the bosom of Jesus.

CLOSET MEDITATION.

THE WORLD.

It presses hard upon me. It takes up my time and steals away my heart. It is ever with me, crowding in between God and my soul. On retiring at night, I would pray, but the events of the day distract my mind, and the lifeless words are silently repeated again and again, almost unconsciously, till sleep overtakes me, and there has been no hearty, earnest prayer. I wake, God's mercies have preserved me, and I would thankfully acknowledge them. But again the world—its dreams confuse me; and its shadows darken the purer light that was dawning upon me. The season is gone. The silent angel, that came to minister to my highest wants, has been sent back unemployed, and the coarse concerns of life are again here. O God, must it be always thus! Shall I close my eyes, when, in the darkness of night, thou wouldst reveal to me the glories of thy heavenly kingdom! Shall I stupidly allow myself to sleep, when the king of all the earth, the Sovereign of all worlds, would grant his audience! Father forgive me, I know not what I do. By thy dear son, who died for such as I, by his agony in the garden and on the cross, by thine own infinite mercies made known to us in him, I do beseech thee, cast me not away. Awaken, within, my better nature. Let me taste, that I may know the blessedness of loving thee. And so let me walk through this blinding world by the light of thy presence, that I may steadfastly advance in holiness and truth, and be, with every setting sun, nearer to thee and thine eternal world.

THE PREPARATION.

It is Saturday evening. The labors of the week are past. They have engaged our thoughts and our hands. But now we approach the day of rest. Let it be to us a day of rest. Let us prepare our hearts. The world recedes. Its din is hushed. Its schemes have vanished away. Father of our spirits, may we not rest in thee. May our thoughts be of thee. And wilt thou so fill our souls with thy presence, that we may worship thee in that perfect peace, which thou alone canst give. May the coming day be a Sabbath day to us and to all thy children. And having now some foretaste of thy goodness, may we be prepared for a nearer communion with thyself, an eternal Sabbath, in thy kingdom above. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The most remarkable instance of self-righteousness that we have seen lately is that of a religious paper in this city, The Witness, refusing, as it says, "to taint its columns," with a paragraph which a correspondent has requested it to copy from Dr. Dewey.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. BAD HANDWRITING.

The writer of an article in our to-day's paper, complains of the manner in which some of his articles have been printed. We can only say to him, that though we profess to have considerable skill in deciphering manuscripts, we have been obliged to read parts of his article five times before we could guess out some of the obscure words, and we are by no means certain that we guessed right at last. Of course we can have very little idea of the merits of an article, read with so much difficulty, and it is only from a sincere respect for the writer, that we have been induced to publish this, which now that we see it in print, proves to be an excellent article. A few minutes attention on his part, to some of the words, would save us a great deal of trouble. We should not say this much, were it not also applicable to some others of our correspondents, and the cause of not a little pain to our eyes and head.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We have seen an interesting report in the Puritan of the meeting of this Board held in New Haven Sept. 8-11. The proceedings seem to have been characterised by an unusual degree of solemnity. After the meeting had been opened by singing and prayer, and a few remarks had been made by Dr. Anderson,

Dr. Allen said,—"It is now twenty-five years since I attended, for the first time, a meeting of this Board. Then there were only twelve persons present. Of those twelve, eight are now dead, and one is here to day. One of the twelve was Dr. Proudfit, who was eminently a man of prayer, and whose name awakens hallowed remembrances connected with prayer. I met him a second time, fifteen years ago, when the Board met at this place. We went to the hall where the Board was to meet, a little before the time of the meeting. We were there alone, and what did he propose? Not that we should go and walk upon that beautiful green till the time arrived; but, said he, 'Let us go into that room and pray;' and thus we had a little prayer meeting. All that I have to say in conclusion is, that I feel an earnest desire that we in this meeting may have the same spirit of prayer that he evinced.

Dr. Edwards spoke of going up the Hudson river about the time of the death of Dr. Proudfit, in a steamboat which had his remains on board. He said that in a dark night the boat run upon a rock, the cabin was half filled with water, and had it not been that the boat was near the shore, it must have sunk. After the boat was secured from danger, it was proposed that prayer should be offered, and thanksgivings for the deliverance; and the spectacle was seen, of the whole company of passengers, in the dead of night, uniting in prayer around the dead body of that man of prayer. The scene was solemn and impressive, and persons not then interested in religion have since recurred to that scene as having exerted a wonderful influence upon them."

Tuesday evening, Sept. 8, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford.

On Wednesday, after other matters of business, Dr. Anderson read a report on the subject of provision for the children of Missionaries sent back to this country. A plan, matured in 1834, and which has continued in operation till now, embraces the following rules:

"1st, The Missionaries who desire to send their children, shall have the concurrence of the Missions to which they belong. 2d, That the Committee see to defraying the expenses of the conveyance of the children, and that after their arrival, there shall be allowed 60 dollars a year for boys and 50 for girls, where such an allowance is required by the families receiving them. 3d, The Prudential Committee will exercise a care as to providing guardians for such children as have not guardians provided by their parents or friends. 4th, The allowance to these children shall be charged to the missions to which the children belong. 5th, It is not expected that the Committee shall themselves be the guardians. 6th, In some special cases requiring it, there shall be special grants."

After an animated discussion, in which were related some interesting facts showing the trials of Missionaries in being obliged to give up their little children, the report, recommending the above plan, was adopted.

After this followed a miscellaneous, and, we should judge, not very edifying discussion on the spread of Missionary intelligence, from which it would appear that it is difficult to keep up the subscriptions for the Missionary Herald.

"Dr. Stowe remarked, that one great difficulty in the way of the circulation of such a work as the Herald was, the public mind had an impatience of continuous thought; and what is called *the cream of things*, in our religious publications, is too often but the froth of things; that there was a disposition to do every thing by steam. But the truth is, man cannot live by steam alone, any more than he can live by bread alone.

Mr. Thompson remarked, that one reason why so many preferred froth to cream is, that they have been in the use only of froth, and know not what cream is. They are in the case of the woman in the following anecdote. A milk-man in New York, who had long been dealing in the slops of the distillery, being subject to some compunctious visitings, procured a supply of pure milk for his customers. After a while, a woman supplied by him entered a complaint, and wished to know what was the matter with his milk—for she found that, after standing awhile, it was all covered over with *nasty yaller scum*. And the reason why the people have mistaken froth for cream is, that ministers have given them froth instead of cream."

The most exciting debate seems to have been on the subject of Polygamy, respecting which very erroneous accounts of the proceedings of the Board have been circulated through newspapers. The substance of the whole is contained in the following report, drawn up by Chancellor Walworth, and adopted by the Board.

"In reference to the supposed existence of cases of polygamy in our mission churches, and the erroneous supposition that the same has been sanctioned by this Board or its officers, your Committee state, that neither the Board nor its Prudential Committee have taken any action, or even expressed an opinion, in favor of receiving a polygamist into a church under the care of any of our missionaries. So far as your Committee have been able to obtain information on the subject, the missionaries of the Board, although many of them are located in countries where polygamy is recognized and sanctioned by law, have had occasion but in four instances to act upon the question of the admission of a polygamist to church fellowship; and these were all cases of persons who, previous to their conversion from heathenism, and before they had any knowledge of the doctrines and precepts of the Christian system, had become the legal husbands of a plurality of wives. In one of those cases, it is known that the missionaries at the station where the application was made, refused to admit the applicant to the church. In two other of those cases, your committee are not informed as to the result of the applications; but as the missionaries who hold the pastoral care of the churches to which these requests for admission were made, are known to have been opposed to the admission of church fellowship of persons standing in that relation, your Committee have no reason to suppose that either of the applicants was received as a member of the church. The fourth case occurred about twenty years since, and in respect to an individual who has been dead from twelve to fifteen years. The person alluded to was an aged man, who at the time of his conversion from heathenism to Christianity, was the husband of two wives, both of whom desired to live with him, and according to the usages of his nation had equal claims upon him for protection and support. Under those circumstances, the missionaries at that station thought it right to receive him into the church. He was accordingly received by them, and continued in church fellowship until his death. This, as far as your Committee have any definite information, is the only person having more than one wife, who has ever been received into our mission churches. And they have no reason to suppose that any person in that situation is now in connection with those churches.

The principles upon which our missionaries are expected to act in dealing with questions of that nature were fully stated in the Report of 1845, to which your Committee have before referred. It is unnecessary to say that this Board and its missionaries and patrons unite in the sentiment of all who bear the Christian name, that the practice of polygamy is hostile to the interests of the human race, and diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Christian religion. Nor can there be any difference of opinion among Christians as to the absolute impropriety under any circumstances, of permitting church members to marry a second wife during the *life of the first*, except in cases of legal divorce. And in respect to converts from heathenism in a state of polygamy, this Board expect its missionaries in considering the question of admission to the church, to carry out the principles of the gospel in their full extent. If any such case should arise, your Committee think this Board may confide in the piety, learning and sound judgment of its missionaries abroad, and in their general competence to decide upon Scriptural grounds these questions, and others of a similar character, which may arise in the course of their labors, without requiring its prudential committee to assume the very questionable power of giving more specific direction which might be considered an infringement of the religious liberty of the ministers and members of our mission churches. Your Committee, therefore, see nothing in the subjects of these memorials requiring the further action of the Board at this time."

The subject of Slavery was brought forward, but no new action was had upon it.

Just before the close of the meeting during the recess of the Committee, farewell addresses were delivered by several missionaries about to depart for their fields of labor.

"Dr. Scudder, of the Madras Mission, thanked his brethren for all they had done for him in his missionary life. For 25 years, said he, you have supported me, and "my raiment has not waxed old" nor my food failed; for 25 years you have held up my wearied hands, so that through grace I have not fainted or fallen. In the name of the missionaries I thank you; in the name of the converted heathen I thank you; in the name of all those who have triumphed over death and gone home to glory and are waiting to welcome you to rest I thank you. And now I bid you, the members of this Board, my brethren in the ministry of Christ, and you, brothers and sisters in the churches, an affectionate farewell. We are all engaged in one blessed work, and all for our Savior. Remember us in your prayers, keep hold of the rope while we go down into the pit, and by divine grace we shall soon meet where "adieus and farewells are a sound unknown."

Rev. Messrs. Spaulding, Dorty, Smith and Burgess, Missionaries, also made brief addresses in bidding farewell to the Board.

Dr. Anderson. There is yet time for some one to respond. There's Dr. Hawes who can't help it.

Dr. Hawes. Sir, I *can't* help it. I have seen some of the trials of our brethren, and I assure you they have great need of our sympathies and prayers. We know not their trials and labors. We cannot always judge of the wisdom of their course or the real success of their work. But we can put confidence in them, not doubting that God will guide them in the right way. And here I pledge them, in behalf of the Board, our sympathies, our support, and our prayers. Go, brethren—labor, live and die on the mission field. "Be faithful unto death, and ye shall receive a crown of life." Dust, precious dust that sleeps in the Armenian burial ground at Pera, has bound me to the cause of Missions; and while I live, God helping me, my heart shall be in it, and my prayers ascend for it. Farewell.

There were few eyes unwet when the venerable Dr. ended. The calm, earnest look of sympathy as he rose, the touching allusion to his buried daughter, had melted every heart.—A new spirit was in the assembly, and when the Business Committee, with the remaining resolutions, entered, they were passed almost without remark.

The session was then closed with a prayer from Mr. Spalding."

We do not know how it may strike our readers, but to us this account of the close of the meeting is exceedingly affecting. God speed the cause.

LEAD THEM NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

A day or two since we read in an exchange paper a sad statement concerning a lad, only fourteen years old, who was detected in embezzling the funds of a bank in which he was employed to the amount of $600. The account represented the offender as having entered upon a career of reckless dissipation. There was a painful approach to levity, at least a want of seriousness in the item which told this short, but mournful story. The occurrence was one to suggest sober reflections. A mere child committing such a theft and in such a situation! How happened it? The temptation must have been very great. Was that lad in a proper place for any *lad* to be? if so, was he as carefully guarded and protected against its peculiar inducements to crime, as he should have been? We know nothing about the circumstances in this particular instance: and we comment upon it only as a single illustration of a mistake which carelessness, selfishness or a false economy often commits. That boy was not received into that monied-institution, we are sure, without satisfactory recommendations as to his character. No doubt he was represented and believed to be a lad of good purposes and entirely trust-worthy. And very likely he was so at that time—as much so as an untried youth could be. But was he not brought into the very presence, day after day, of a temptation, before which, as sad experience has taught, *many* men have not been able to stand upright. Is an office *in a bank*, in which he has an opportunity to steal $600 a proper place for any *boy only fourteen years of age*?

This case is only one out of many, in the commercial world, going to show that in the treatment of the young as apprentices, &c., there is oftentimes a culpable carelessness and a great want of common sense, to say nothing of higher principles. It seems sometimes, as if the passion for accumulation made men willing to rush on the road to wealth, treading under their feet humanity in some of its most interesting forms as a worthless thing in comparison with the saving of a few dollars. The moral responsibility of employers in regard to the young, needs to be urged with line upon line, and precept upon precept. How many masters make it a matter of conscience to know where their apprentices spend their leisure hours, especially their evenings, and who are their companions? How many feel it a duty to protect the lads in their service from "evil communications"? How many manage their business in such a manner as to guard as effectually as possible, against the commission of theft by their clerks and apprentices? How many are careful not to expose unformed and undisciplined characters, beyond their strength? We believe there is a goodly number of such wise and conscientious men of business: but, there are also, without doubt, not a few who would be unable to answer the questions we have asked as they ought to be answered. To any such, who may read these remarks, we would in all kindness say—as you hope for the favor of heaven, watch over the young whose virtue to some extent at least is in your keeping. If, in doing this, your earthly gains are a little diminished, you will be laying up treasures, where gold and silver are not known, where the remembrance of one act of Christian self-sacrifice will be worth more than the memory of the largest mass of wealth ever left just *this side* the grave. *Prevent* the rising generation from falling into crime, and all and more than all the expense will be saved, in the diminution of the tremendous tax society now pays to protect itself from adult wickedness.

A word or two more. Publications of such facts as the one which has led to these comments seem to us, in general, to be regretted. They cannot be of much efficacy in the way of warnings: whilst they have a tendency to promote the reformation of the offenders whose sin is spread before the world. Publicly brand a lad as a precocious criminal and the probability is, unless his career is cut short by the prison or the gallows, he will grow grey in villainy. This, sad fact though it be, this is a hard world for one, who has been widely known as guilty of transgression, to get credit for repentance, however, sincere, or aid in his efforts to reform however earnest and honest.

The case before us is most melancholy. God help that poor boy! His first crime is going in print from one end of the nation to the other, with that heartless heading, "*A Young Financier.*" Who shall say how this may tend to harden him and make him desperate: make him feel that he is an outcast from all confidence and merciful affections, and so almost force him to choose sin as his master? Before the writer of that paragraph put his pen to paper, would that his eye might have fallen on that Christian Article in a late number of the Living Age, entitled, "First Offences", or those examples recently given in a speech of "Friend Hopper's" of New York, showing how desirous the offending frequently are to return to virtue and what obstacles they find baffling that desire. It is to be hoped, that the directors of the bank in which the unfortunate boy was employed, will spare no pains and no cost, in doing all they can, to save him from going one step farther in the hard way of transgression.

We have no sentimental sympathy for criminals: and we have no idea of apologising for guilt. Suffering and remorse are agents of Providence for the recovery of the fallen, and their work must not rashly be interfered with. Virtue stands firmer, because recovery from vice is so difficult. It is not for *man*, however, to deal harshly with the sinful. It is not for man to do as he too often does, conceal his selfishness and vindictiveness, under the sacred name of justice, under the plea that society, yes society, with all its intelligence, wealth and power, must be protected against those who violate its laws, by casting them into prison and *leaving them there* without seeing to it that the prison shall be a school for reformation, as well as a place of punishment. At any rate, as we love our own children, and in the name of him, who said "Feed my Lambs", let all deal wisely and lovingly, with young wanderers from the way of right. Save that boy, if it can be done. The deed will be worth more than all the dividends on all the bank stock in this Commonwealth.

For the Register.

CONGREGATIONALISM.

With much pleasure I have read Dr. Lamson's Convention Discourse on a subject I deem of vital importance to the cause of pure and undefiled religion;—a subject never more needed to be brought before the community than at this moment, when parishes and religious societies exhibit great instability. Little was known of such instability until within the last half ceptury—the period since the extensive departure in New England from the old Congregational system. Painful is the reflection to my mind, that just in proportion to the departure from Congregationalism, has been the decline of Christian love and peace. The basis of Congregationalism is broad enough for Christians of every name. In the author's words it is well and comprehensively stated. "The foundation on which it rests, is the common basis of the liberty of Christians, of freedom of conscience, and the right of private judgment,—the right of all Christians, with the record of the Savior's life and teachings before them, to interpret it for themselves. All else is mere human authority and cannot be allowed to stand between Christ and the individual soul."

Speaking of the early Christian organizations, particularly in the time of the apostles, the discourse asserts a truth strangely unnoticed by the friends of religious freedom.

"In principle those primitive organizations bore a very close resemblance to our present Congregational. There was the same free, popular element visible in them, and the same exaltation of the spirit above the form, which constitutes the fundamental idea of Congregationalism."

"The earliest notices of the churches after the expiration of the apostolic age, represent them as still extremely simple in their organization and worship, each congregation or society being virtually independent and electing its own officers, each bishop having charge of a single flock, and corresponding in fact very nearly with the pastor of one of our Congregational churches, who in primitive times would have been called a bishop."

In what, then, do the churches in this community substantially differ from churches and societies in primitive times? They now are "simple in their organization and worship, each congregation or society being virtually independent and electing its own officers." This is the case with Congregationalists and some other denominations in this respect adopting their principles.

May not this be deemed the great point of difference between the "primitive organizations," and our Congregational? The primitive organizations had no creeds, no formulas, no exactly prescribed ceremonials, a compliance with which they demanded as conditions of Christian communion and fellowship! In the earlier period of Congregationalism in this country the churches had their creeds, each its own as each elected. Some were Calvinistic and some Arminian in their features. Some had features of Hopkinsianism in distinction from Calvinism. The phraseology of some was so guarded that the Trinitarian, Arian or Unitarian could with equal satisfaction assent to it. The different denominations, differing widely in religious views and sentiments, adopted the Congregational system of church polity and freely interchanged offices of Christian fellowship and communion. They lived out the great principle of Congregationalism, and as far as they did so they were prosperous, peaceful, happy.

From the moment the Orthodox party so called, of the Congregational denomination, began to set up their creeds and doctrines as tests of Christian character and conditions of Christian communion and salvation, they virtually renounced and tore away the corner stone of Congregationalism, by unparalleled toil and holy prayer laid by the Puritan fathers. The whole beautiful fabric began to tremble and crumble away to become the spoil of exclusionists.

Let it be published and republished to all the friends of religious freedom, to all who love "the liberty wherewith Christ makes free" and who venerate Puritanism, that, in the words of the discourse,

"The old Congregationalism was properly, in its fundamental principle, Puritanism; the glory of which, and the brightest glory, it largely shares. Puritanism furnishes the key-note to our whole American history, and under the form of Congregationalism accomplished what is most memorable in that history."

If this brief notice of an interesting and beautiful discourse, upon one of the most important of all topics, shall draw the attention of others to it, it will have proved itself not entirely unworthy of a place in the Register. J. R.

For the Register.

BEING JUSTIFIED BY FAITH.

Two terms, justification and faith, are presented in the relation of cause and effect. Under the Jewish dispensation, *works*, enjoined by the ceremonial law, were considered as the agents indispensably necessary to reconcile God to man. The Jewish system, unlike the Christian, represented God as a being who was to be propitiated by forms and ceremonies or works of the ceremonial law. To gain the favor of God the Jews believed some outward act of religious observance was necessary, and this was to be the test of their sincerity and religion.—"I fast often, I give tithes of all that I possess," was, with the Jews, a declaration of one of the most prominent features in their creed.

Christianity teaches that Faith justifies man, because it brings him into a near relation with God.—"Faith purifies the heart and works by love." This faith, and this faith only, justifies men with God—not faith in a creed, not faith in a Church, but that inward active faith, which is drawing man to his fellow man and to his God.

Men are justified by faith. We are told that a simple faith, which does not embrace theological dogmas, is dangerous if not disastrous. Nowhere, however, in the Scriptures, are men called upon to rest their salvation upon any other faith than the one we have described as peculiar to Christianity.

It is often alledged that God cannot forgive sin without first having received compensation, by the payment of the penalty for past transgressions. Not so taught the harbinger of the Messiah. John the Baptist made *repentance* the burden of his theme; repentance from old sins, from all sins, lays the foundation for the faith of every Christian. Having repented, his faith in Christ and God *justifies* him in the hope that his sins are forgiven—that God loves him, that God will ever be with him when he is true to God. That even in the dark valley of the shadow of death, God will be with him, and if Jesus be risen from the dead, he also shall rise and behold him, whom, not having seen, he loves.

Faith then justifies us, because if we have it, it worketh repentance, and purity of life—and as we have this faith we *shall* purify ourselves. It may be needless to show the superiority of a faith which places the hope of salvation in purity of life over that which rests it in dogmatic theology, which few pretend even to understand, much less to explain. Let us with such a faith grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Let us cultivate our faith more and more, being rooted and grounded in the Gospel. Let us depend upon such faith, and such faith *only* for salvation, and as we grow in years, our salvation will be much nearer than when we first believed. B. F. E.

If our friend, who has favored us with the following communication, had read quite through the article to which he refers on the Universalists, he would then have been spared all the indignation which he has bestowed upon it; for he would then have seen that it was written by one who for many years had been a Universalist Minister, whose sympathies are still with them, and who never has been a member of the Unitarian body. "If," says our correspondent, below, "*they* (the Universalists) choose to say that we have all the philosophy, we shall feel indebted &c. &c., * * but it can do no good for *us* to say it." Now if he had read the article from which this expression has (with modification) been borrowed, he would have seen, that it was one who had been of them, and who was still in sympathy with them, who said it. Is not our friend, in the vehemence of his indignation, a little inconsistent? In one sentence he says, "I care not what quarter they (these articles) come from" &c. The next sentence but one begins, "If *they*" &c., as quoted above.

F. W. H. has certainly mistaken altogether the tone of what has been *said in our paper* respecting the Universalists. Neither we nor our correspondents (if we exeept a single sentence in a communication on another subject) have said a word, since the present editor has had charge of the Register, which could countenance any such impression as he has taken. We do not agree with extreme Universalists in their views, and shall freely express our dissent from them. But we feel kindly towards the denomination, and, believing that most of them have now the elements of a better faith and higher life than ever before, we rejoice in their progress.

So also with respect to the Christians. We do not know what remarks our friend may have heard from Unitarians respecting them. But we are sure, that nothing of the kind which he speaks of, has appeared in this paper. We regard them as brethren, zealously engaged in the same great work with ourselves. We sympathize with them in their effort and rejoice in their success.

We honor our brother's zeal, and would gladly do any thing in our power to cheer and help him in his work. We thank him for his advice, and hope that we should receive deserved reproof not without something of a desire for amendment. But will he be so good as to remember, that this reckless spirit of fault-finding is most injurious to the cause in which we are engaged, and fatal to the progress of Christian truth and love in our own hearts!

For the Register.

OUR POSITION TO THE UNIVERSALISTS.

As one whose situation is continually bringing him into connexion with the Universalists, one who is not wont to trouble the Register very often with his new or old views, I would earnestly request that such articles as have recently appeared upon them in your columns might be strictly excluded. I care not what quarter they come from, and I do not know. It is enough for me, that they are an insult to a much larger denomination than our own, with whom we have every reason for cultivating a friendly acquaintance—that some of their preachers have told me as much and that their people are now jealously alive as to our bearing, language and actions towards them. If they choose to say that we have all the philosophy, we should feel indebted so far for their good opinion: but, it can do no good for us to say it, and to taunt them with any shortcomings, when we have so much more selfishness and sluggishness than they—so much less missionary spirit, and so far inferior success in extending ourselves. Do our Eastern friends remember as they write that the denomination to which they use such lordly words has four churches to our one—that its ministers are scattered all over the West not congregated in such over-abundance "about home,"—that their papers are published and circulated a thousand miles West of where we can issue so much as a tract.

For my part, I am thankful to the Universalist or Christian brother who will give me an opportunity to address another part of God's people—I am thankful for every tract of ours which he will circulate, still more am I rejoiced when Channing's works reach the public through him—and as his views are the same on the great majority of theological points, I cannot afford to sit still when he is unjustly assailed in his absence.

By an Universalist journal issued at Belfast, I perceive that some of their ministry feel galled by our dwelling so much upon "the progress they have made in opinion." They reply that we have found occasion to make quite as much—that our views are far more explicit, cheerful

nd satisfactory on Future Retribution than they formerly were—that the hideous tenet of the Annihilation of the wicked has almost entirely disappeared from Unitarian preaching and Unitarian belief. And this is all true. Both denominations have been coming by an insensible attraction towards each other. And though the day for united action has not yet dawned, it seems to be among the most certain prospects of another generation. Unless some union of our very small body with other associations of corresponding character, by and by take place, the indifference and disgust at proselytism still remaining the distinction of our body, it could hardly help from disappearing in the vast growths of a zealous sectarianism. If all other Protestants and all Catholics are busily at work in getting from us every thing they can, and we continue as contented as ever with a little Goshen in Massachusetts, is it not plain as noon-day, that the proportion of influence which we put forth will finally dwindle down to an infinitesimal fraction notwithstanding any of those good things of which we are so ready to boast! It is the conclusion of some abler and older heads than mine that our very existence in the future requires that we associate more and more with other parts of the Liberal Christianity of the world—until at the set time of Providence a substantial Union may be effected, for our good as much as theirs, and for the certain benefit of the cause.

With regard to the so-called Christians, I have regretted to hear Unitarian ministers speaking as if so much honor was to be conferred on these more popular brethren by our giving them the Right Hand of Fellowship. I do not see things so, and I know they do not. And if I did, I should be very slow to say in any action, you are poor, and I will take pity on you, and admit you to my loaded table, and bestow some of my refreshment, letters and science. No, we can get as much as we give, and of things that can't be bought and that are quite priceless in heaven—zeal, self consecration, disinterestedness, brotherly love—the graces of the spirit not the accident of Fortune—the smiles of God not the bestowments of men. If we have one prejudice against them, they have a dozen against us, and it becomes us not to add a feather to the scale by a supercilious word or an assuming act. Their widely-scattered body, their sixteen hundred churches are not to welcome us as fellow-disciples, and only by great kindness can one of the most desirable things in the progress of pure Christianity be ever effected.

I could wish that each of our religious journals had a reporter at the great Autumn Convention of Christians in Central Pennsylvania, so as to bring us into more intimate acquaintance with them.

F. W. H.

For the Register.

On the 10th inst. there was a very interesting meeting at the Church in East Needham called by the Committee for making improvements on their Cemetery. After the meeting was opened by an impressive prayer by Mr. White, addresses were made by Mr. Thomson of Walpole, Mr. Stone of Beverly, Mr. White of Dedham, Mr. Sanger of Dover, and Mr. Speare of Boston. These were concise and appropriate, and well received by a full and attentive assembly. The music was performed by excellent voices and in good taste. After the exercises at the Church the assembly moved in procession to a bower, where an entertainment had been provided, without great expense, but satisfactory in quantity and variety, and in a style of real elegance. The tablets were ornamented with several bouquets prepared and arranged with fine taste.

Much credit is due to the Ladies of E. Needham for their interest and efforts in aiding the Committee in so laudable an enterprise, and for their good judgment and discrimination in providing public entertainments. They cannot be too highly commended for their well-timed and well-directed efforts. And Friends from abroad, who have Ancestors and other Relations deposited there, have given proof by their liberal contributions to the Committee, that they are justly and deeply interested on this subject.

Those who knew the condition of our Cemetery a few years ago, and who have visited it within the last year, have, doubtless, been agreeably surprised at the improvements made within that period. We assure them that it is the purpose, not only of the Committee, but of our people generally, to persevere in this good work. We think that the spirit dictating such improvements, is in perfect accordance with the benign spirit of Christianity. We have witnessed with much pleasure indications not to be misunderstood, of improved present taste,—a sentiment of enlarged and generous philanthropy,—an advanced state of morals and religion in many of our towns, in the changing and changed appearance of the Cemeteries; in the general attention, expenditure and embellishment given to those once unsightly and repulsive grounds. The improvement and embellishment of our Cemeteries are among the best reforms of the day.

E.

E. Needham, Sept. 13, 1846.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—In your paper of Saturday the 19th, under the head of "Miscellaneous" matter is a beautiful extract from Mrs. Farnham's "Life in Prarieland." Included in that extract are the lines beginning,

"There, through the long, long summer hours
The golden light, &c. &c."

Will you have the kindness to inform us if you can who *wrote* these lines. *Where* they of late have been published,—and also if Mrs. Farnham's book can be obtained any where.

E. B.

The Book may be found at Redding & Co's., 8 State Street. We are sorry not to be able to answer the other questions.

Harvard College. *Correction.* We published among the "Miscellaneous Items" last week, an article, headed "Harvard College Longevity," taken from the Salem Register, which we understand contained several errors. The informant of the Register must have exercised the Yankee faculty of guessing pretty freely: and after all missed the mark almost as often as he hit it. Instead of *two* graduates who have lived a *century* there have been *three;* one of whom Dr. Ezra Green of Dover N. H., still survives, having completed his 100th year last June. Dr. Holyoke died in 1827—not 1826 as the Salem Register had it. Judge Blowers graduated 1763, *not* 1793; and died in 1842 not 1742. Judge Cranch of the class of 1787 is still alive and discharging his official duties at Washington: while Caleb Child, of the same class, given as among the *living* the article we are correcting, *died* fourteen years ago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Book of Hymns for Public and Private Devotion.

From the multiplication of hymn books within the last few years it would seem that a mania for hymn book making had taken possession of the public mind. There is a fashion in these things, only less powerful than in the world of dress, and each society seems to think it necessary to have a collection of its own, made either by its own pastor or some other favorite preacher. We do not regret to see the number of these collections increased, as the peculiar wants and taste of the societies can be better met and satisfied in proportion as they have a greater number from which to choose. That society must be difficult indeed to please whose spiritual wants could not be satisfied by some of those now published.

The book before us is one of the best we have seen. The number of hymns (476) is not so great as in many of its predecessors, but we are convinced, after a careful perusal, that quite as much attention has been paid to the practical merits of those selected. The Compilers have retained most if not all the best hymns contained in former collections, and have added one hundred and thirty new ones—some of them of rare merit. In our deliberate judgment it contains more excellent hymns and fewer dull, prosaic, uninspired, and uninspiring ones than any book with which we are acquainted. This is not to be attributed entirely to the smallness of the collection, but to the character of those who made it. It was compiled, we are informed, by two young men who have lately left the Divinity School at Cambridge, and who possess those qualities of mind and heart which are most desirable for such a work—devout feelings, refined tastes, and a just appreciation of poetic beauty. If, in one or two instances, their judgment has been misled by friendship and they have introduced a few ordinary hymns to gratify this natural feeling, it is a venial fault which he who appreciates the rare beauty and uncommon merit of the whole will readily pardon.

Having spoken so much of the merits of this book, we cannot leave the subject without stating that we believe the love of poetic beauty has sometimes led the compilers to mistake the essential character of a Christian hymn—we mean its devotional character. They have introduced several poetic compositions of great merit, which are known and quoted from one side of the continent to the other, but which, in our view, are not what the soul requires in its devotions at the altar of God. In a collection of sacred poetry they would be most appropriate, but it is difficult to conceive of occasions on which they could be sung in Church. We acknowledge their beauty and feel their power, but we cannot think them fitted for the devotional services of the sanctuary, when the soul is glowing with peculiar love, gratitude, and praise to God. To us they do not appear to be hymns at all, in the sense in which that term is used in Christian worship. They do not come up to the soul's desire at such a time of enthusiasm. They may warm and strengthen the heart at other times, but this alone is not devotion, is not that surrendering of the soul to God which devotion requires. The soldier on the battle field may gain courage and strength from the song of his comrades, but worship requires something more. Longfellow's Psalm of Life, from its great beauty, may strengthen the heart for its many conflicts, and in its proper place no one can appreciate it more highly than we, but it is not fitted to inspire the highest worship in the sanctuary. It is not sufficiently *evangelical* in the true sense of that word for such a purpose; and we wish that this poem with some twenty others had been omitted in this collection. In our minds there is a wide distinction between sacred poetry and a hymn for Christian worship, and to illustrate this we insert the following beautiful lines from Southey's Curse of Kehama, which come much nearer to our idea of a hymn than any of those to which we refer in the volume before us, but which have not yet to our knowledge been inserted in any hymn book.

They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the haunts of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth:
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From Heaven it came to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath not she then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

This is poetry, true, spirited poetry, but it is not a hymn, certainly not a Christian hymn, fit for the service of the sanctuary. Or if it be a hymn (for we will not cavil about words), it is a hymn to Love, and not to God. We do not know that the present Collection contains more of this kind of poetry, than most of the others that have been made, but we wish it were all banished from the service books of Churches. It is transcendental rather than Christian, and excites the poetic more than the devotional feelings. A collection of sacred poetry like the "Sabbath Recreations," which should contain some of the best hymns in our books and a selection of religious poetry made with judgment and taste, would be a most valuable book in the Sunday School and in families for the children to commit to memory. We wish some one would undertake it.

N. H. M.

Ballou on Non-Resistance.

We have received this book and read it; but we are not yet prepared to review it. We can say, however, that it is written in a most excellent spirit and must do good, even though its arguments should not be satisfactory. Such a work disarms us. We hardly know how to meet it. Were it simply an argument, we should have no difficulty, but it looks up in our face so confidingly and so kindly, that we cannot have the heart to question it very closely. We shall read it again.

The Modern Harp, or Boston Sacred Melodist, by Edward L. White & John E. Gould.

The Singer's First Book.

The Singer's Second Book. By J. & H. Bird.

We are too ignorant of Music to express an opinion respecting these books, which are prepared by competent teachers.

ANDOVER.

The Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., the Abbot Professor of Christian Theology, at Andover, has resigned his professorship, and the duties of the station will be temporarily supplied by Professor Park. In the Eastern papers, in which we have seen this announcement, the services of Dr. Woods for nearly forty years in that Institution are spoken of with great respect, and his advance life is referred to as the cause of his resignation. The rumor, however, has reached us that the natural force of this venerable man is not at all abated; that his mind is as vigorous as ever it was; that his resignation, in no equivocal sense, was a compulsory one; that influences adverse to him as an Orthodox teacher have triumphed over him; and in a word, that he has met with treatment from which his great excellence of character, and his long, faithful and useful services should have shielded him. If our information be correct, it is a bad augury for New England. What must be the character of her future theology, if such a man as Dr. Wood is not to be tolerated as a teacher! If New Haven on the one hand, and Andover on the other, are to train her theologians for the next generation, it will be of bad promise for their soundness in the faith. East Windsor is a brighter spot in her horizon, and to it we turn with hope. [Presbyterian.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Later From Europe. The Cambria arrived on Friday morning 18th inst. Among the passengers were Washington Irving, Rev. E. W. Kirk of this city and Rev. Dr. Emerson of Salem.

Parliament was prorogued by commission on 28th ult., to Wednesday, Nov. 4th.

Joseph Henri—the last of the regicides—recently tried for firing at the King of the French has been found guilty and condemned to hard labor for life. (How many are obliged to endure *that penalty* who never pointed a pistol at royalty or committed any other crime? Hard labor for life is the lot of many honest men, and women too, who bear their lot cheerfully.)

The receipts at the Birmingham musical festival amounted to £11,000.

The Daily News—the paper whose speedy death was so confidently predicted soon after its birth—sells 25000 copies of each impression.

Dickens will commence in October the issue of his new story, in illustrated monthly parts. It is called "Dealings of the Firm of Dombey & Son, Wholesale, Retail and for Exportation." If the book is as infelicitous as the title, it will be poor enough.

Total Emigration from Great Britain and Ireland. The total number of emigrants in 1845 was 93,501; in 1844 it was 70,686. The emigration of 1845 exceeded that of 1844 by 22,815.

Spanish double Marriage. The important questions of the marriage of the Queen of Spain, and of her sister, appear to be settled. Queen Isabella is to marry her cousin Don Francisco do Asis, eldest son of Don Francisco de Paula, her sister the Infante Maria Luisa Fernanda, is to marry the Duke de Montpensier, the youngest son of King Louis Philippe. The latter of these alliances has of late years been regarded as the more important of the two in a political point of view, on account of the dilicate state of health of the Queen Isabella,—her sister being the next heir to the Spanish crown.

Italy. The new Pope seems to be playing the part of a reformer, and there is evidently need enough of it. He and Cardinal Gizzi are busily engaged in preparing the programme of their contemplated civil and political reforms. A copy of that document was even said to have been communicated to the Austrian Ambassador, who vainly remonstrated with his Holiness against its publication. Letters from Rome, of the 18th ult., state that the Sacred College offered every possible opposition to the proposed measures of reform. His Holiness, however, was not to be deterred from his purpose, and various improvements in the civil administration and the organization of the municipal councils, long claimed by the population, were in progress of preparation. One of the Cardinals having observed to the Pope that, if he did not alter his system, the people would demand a constitution; "And why should I not accede to their desire," replied his Holiness, "if a constitution was necessary to the welfare of my subjects?"

We find in a letter from Rome of the 17th:—"The weekly audiences given by the Pope tend greatly to increase and strengthen the affection of the people towards him; for his Holiness admits to his presence all his subjects that have complaints or demands to address to him, even those belonging to the lowest classes of society."

The Nuremberg Correspondent gives the following in a letter from Rome, 15th inst:—

A subscription having been recently opened at Rome for the benefit of such of the amnestied prisoners as were without the means of subsistence, and for which considerable sums had been collected, the Pope sent for M. Marini, the governor of the city, and anxiously inquired from him as to the object of it. M. Marini replied that he attributed a dangerous political motive to the subscribers, but that he would not venture to give his advice on the subject. The Pope, after some moments' reflection, desired the list to be handed to him, and inscribed the name of his own family for 100 scudi, and that of M. Marini for ten scudi, and ordered the list to be sent to all the principal houses in Rome. It is by such traits of delicacy that his Holiness wins every heart.

The Chartist Co-operative Land Society. This society, which has already accumulated £12,000, has purchased Herringsgate farm, near Rickmansworth, Herts, which it has divided into thirty-five small farms of two, three, and four acres each, and on which are built cottages, each occupant receiving an advance of £30 to assist him in his new mode of life. The place is now named O'Connorville, and is called "The People's First Estate."

The Congregation of the Unitarian Church in this city, of which the Rev. Wm. H. Furness is pastor, have caused to be built a superb organ, combining all the latest improvements. This has been done by Mr. Stanbridge, and having been set up, it was tried for the first time last evening by the organist. The tone of the instrument is very pure and the volume great—and the touch of the organist produced tones of most delicious sweetness; harmonies that charmed the ear, and the deep bass, which is the grandeur of this greatest of instruments. Every note struck came forth clear, full and melodious, and the organ may be regarded as among the very best in the city. [Philad. U. S. Gaz.

Boston Theatres. We are happy to say that the Board of Aldermen have decided to grant no licenses for the theatres except on the conditions petitioned for by G. B. Emerson, Walter Channing and others, which we mentioned a week or two since.

Puckler Muskau. The Berlin correspondent of the Providence Journal tells the following story.

This nobleman resides in the neighborhood of Dresden, and his estate is considered one of the finest in Germany. Its park is particularly magnificent, and the exquisite taste displayed in the laying out of the grounds, is said to be beyond all praise. But this last feature is to be partially accounted for in the following manner:—The Prince is a man of bad conscience. The earlier part of his life was dark, and its later years have not been free from reproach. In the stillness of night, when uneasy thoughts drove sleep from his eyelids, he was accustomed to rise from his bed, throw open his window, and look out upon his beautiful estate. The light of the moon shining down upon the smooth lawn and the magnificent old trees would occasion, here and there, most fantastic shadows upon the grass, and the excitable imagination of the Prince thus becoming aroused, he would suddenly call up his servants, issue from the house, and proceed to plant stakes in the outline of these fanciful shadows. The next morning, wherever the stakes had been planted, he caused rare flowers and shrubs to be set out, thus making nature herself, the artist and directrix, in this poetical species of landscape gardening.

A Tar Kiln. A correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Journal, gives the following description of a tar kiln in North Carolina. "Light wood" is the heart of the long leaved pine which remains after the tree has died and is denuded of its sap. It is saturated with pitch, and is nearly incorruptible.

"The lightwood is cut into lengths of three or four feet, and split into small pieces. A spot having been selected for the purpose, the top of the earth is removed, and the clay or other hard pan exposed.—The excavation is made in a circular form, descending gradually from all points of the outside, to the centre. Outside, a pit is dug, and from the centre; a drain is cut to communicate with it. The wood is then put in it in layers, each layer declining towards the centre, and layer upon layer gradually drawing it as you ascend, till the whole pile has assumed the sugar loaf form. The whole is then covered with turf, and ignited. The wood is reduced to charcoal; and the pitch being driven off by the process, descends into the drain, which conveys it to the pit; and then it is ladled into barrels. If I mistake not, 25 cords of wood will yield about one hundred barrels of tar. On an average at this kiln, the tar is not worth more than about $1 per barrel, including the barrel itself. Hence you may form some estimate of the value of light wood."

Precisenss of Peel. While on this subject I may mention a little gossip story now current about our late Premier, who, notwithstanding his known munificence in great matters, is minutely careful about his domestic expenditure, thereby setting an example which it would be well if other great people would follow. He lately remonstrated with his butcher for the charges on his supplies of beef and mutton, and proved to him, from authentic documents and the rule of three, that even with the abatement of one penny in the pound, still the butcher would have made a handsome profit. The latter, not seeing the matter in this light, or perhaps not comprehending the Minister's deductions from Cocker and Dilworth, still doggedly refused to abate the penny, whereupon the ex-Minister immediately transferred his custom to a more reasonable shop. Another instance of his attention to small matters: When lately he made his memorable speech on going out of office he was very much agitated. He bled profusely by the nose; and an honorable member behind him (Colonel Rusobrooke) observing that he had only a white silk handkerchief, soon disfigured by the stains, handed him a red handkerchief. The premier bowed, accepted the proffer, and proceeded with a speech destined, perhaps, to affect the legislation of the world. The debate went on, great excitement prevailed, and decent Colonel Rushbrooke retired about one or two in the morning. His mind, occupied with the international affairs of the whole terraqueous globe, was suddenly brought down from its altitude by Peel's livery servant, with his master's compliments and thanks, presenting to him his said red silk handkerchief, carefully washed, ironed, and folded, just as if it had been sent by a millinary girl to a laundress. [London Correspondent of the Inverness Courier.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

Charles William Tuttle.

Died, in this city, Sept. 8th, Charles William Tuttle, aged 18

It would be treason, seemingly, alike to justice, and the welfare of the rising generation, to let this interesting young man go down to his final resting place, without at least some slight tribute to his cherished memory. From the cradle to his grave, he was at all times the same in deportment and character, gentle, amiable, studious, intelligent, thoughtful, pure and manly. He entered the public schools of this city at an early period, and passed through them all, terminating with the high school, winning golden opinions from all his companions and teachers, bearing off some of the highest prizes,—standing high among the highest,—and good among the best. From childhood, books were his delight, and he early collected with the aid of parents and friends, quite an extensive library suited to his age and tastes. Averse to the ruder sports and amusements which are usually so enticing to the young, he was never happier than when surrounded by his books, left to himself in his little chamber to read, to study, to gain knowledge, and thus improve his mind and heart. And this feeling and purpose continued with him to the last. When he had become too feeble to visit his library, his books were brought down to his sick chamber, where, surrounded by these, and others loaned him by his physician and friends, looking over first one, and then another, gathering new facts, new thoughts, new beauties from all, he passed away pleasantly, the tedious hours of sickness, the same cheerful, ingenuous, and happy being, which he had been in days of health, and through the sunny years of his short life. Not a murmur,—not a fear,—not a dejected expression escaped his lips. When a superintendent of his Sunday School on which he had attended from the age of four until he was sixteen or seventeen, entered his sick chamber, his hand was eagerly and earnestly extended for a cordial grasp, his eye sparkled with unwonted joy and delight, and his first inquiry was in relation to the school and its interests; looking back on his long connexion with it, as he said, with great satisfaction, and expressing warm gratitude towards his beloved teacher who was then absent from the State. His attachment to the Sunday School was strong. He was uniformly present in his class, and was separated from it at an advanced age only by its distance from his home and his enfeebled health. Tuttle was singularly pure in mind and heart. He kept himself "unspotted from the world." He lived and died in the faith and hopes of a young Christian. His memory will long be cherished by his many friends and companions, who will not weep as those without hope,—and we recommend his example to the study and imitation of the youthful readers of the Register.

P.

Frank Washburn, Esq.,

On the 28th ultimo, at White Oak Springs, W. T. of Pericarditis, Frank Washburn, Esq., son the Hon. Seth Washburn, of Raynham, Mass., aged 48 years.

In his private character, Mr Washburn was eminently successful in securing to himself the sincere and lasting attachment of his friends and relatives. A man of more kindly affection never existed. The warmth of his heart was one of the leading spings of his character, and from that source flowed all that was valuable in friendship, all that was kind and generous in man. In all the higher relations of our being, Mr Washburn was strictly though unostentatiously regulated by the strong dictates of a pious and virtuous mind. In his worldly intercourse his principles were pure, simple and well defined. He here stood on the "broad stone of honor," and his life was an example of unimpeached integrity, and incorruptible love of justice. Never in the cause of humanity were his zealous endeavors suffered to sleep, and small indeed can be the number of those who in similar circumstances of life, have conferred half the benefits on their fellow-citizens which resulted from his active and steady, though secret and silent course of benevolence. In friendship, his esteem and confidence were slowly won; but wherever his affections were placed, there were no limits set to their exercise. No sacrifice of himself, his pleasures, his labors, or his possessions, was too great for his noble and generous spirit. He was attached to his family as if he had no friends, and to his friends as if he had no family. He has left an affectionate and dutiful wife and two lovely children to mourn his death. [Galena Advertiser.

Rev. Charles C. Shackford, formerly of South Boston, has received an unanimous call from the Unitarian Society at Lynn, lately under the charge of Rev. John Pierpont, Jr., and before of Rev. Wm. G. Swett. We are happy to learn that Mr. Shackford has accepted the invitation.

Melrose. A piece of land in the centre of Melrose (North Malden) will be given for the site of an Unitarian Church, should a society be formed within six months from Oct. 1st 1846, large enough to warrant the erection of a church.

The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by Rev. M. G. Thomas, of this city, from Matthew vi. 10. "Thy kingdom come thy will be done in the earth as it is in heaven." Subject,—the meaning and obligations of this prayer.

(☞ TUCKERMAN MONUMENT. The Monument to the Rev Dr Joseph Tuckerman being completed, the committee invite the subscribers and all persons interested to meet them at Mount Auburn on Wednesday next, at 3½ o'clock, P. M., where there will be appropriate religious services.

In behalf of the Committee,
s26 R. C. WATERSTON, Sec'y.

(☞ TEMPERANCE—PITTS ST. CHAPEL.—On Sunday Evening, the Rev W. Willett, favorably known as an advocate of Total Abstinence, with others, will speak at 7½ o'clock.

M. GRANT, Pres. B. T. A. Soc'y.
F. R. Woodward, Sec'y. s26

(☞ TEA PARTY AND FAIR AT WESTFORD. The Ladies of the First Parish in Westford will hold a Tea Party and Fair on Wednesday, Sept 30, in the basement story of the Church, to obtain means to furnish the Church.

Admission to Fair and Refreshments, 25 cents.
Fair open at 4 P. M. Tea at 6 P. M. s26

(☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association has removed to No 56 Pearl street. s29

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 22d inst, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr George Clement Lord to Miss Marion Ruthven Waterston, both of Boston.

In Worcester, 16th inst, Mr Lemuel Fiske of Holden, aged 79, to Mrs Elizabeth Copeland, of W., aged 73.

In Southington, Ct., on Sunday evening, 6th inst, at the Unitarian Parsonage, by Rev James Richardson, Jr., Mr Charles O. Barstow to Miss Almira A. Stannard. Mr William R. Beckley of Southington, to Miss Rebecca Maynard of Stanford, N. Y. John Olney, Esq. to Miss Lydia Potter.

In Camden, Me., 15th inst, by Rev Mr Chapman, Capt George Carleton to Miss Caroline S. Mead of Barre, Mass.

In New York, 16th inst, by Rev Mr Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr Enos White of Weymouth, Mass, to Miss Mary A. Fowler of N. Y.

DEATHS.

In this city, 22d inst, Miss Elizabeth Cordwell, 87.

In Roxbury, 19th inst, Samuel Guild, Jr., eldest son of Samuel Guild, Esq., 37.

In Lexington, 15th inst, Mrs Ruth Chandler, relict of the late Hon Nathan Chandler, 80.

In Pawtucket, 17th inst, Charles W. Stone, 26.

In Southington, Ct., 7th inst, Mrs. Phebe Bradley, wife of Mr Jason Bradley, and only daughter of Hon Levi Barnes, 42. Funeral on Wednesday, at the Unitarian Church. Mrs B. had been for many years a liberal christian, and was distinguished for her goodness of heart, and the gentle charities of life.

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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

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INFORMATION is wanted at this office, as to the whereabouts of E. D. Barry, of Ireland, who passed through this city a few weeks since, professedly on his way to Meadville, Penn.

Also, respecting A. Holley, who has lately been soliciting aid in this city and neighborhood. s26

AMERICAN ALMANAC. In press, and will shortly be issued, The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, Vol 18, for 1847, published on entirely new type, and superior to the previous volumes.

JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t s26

TRACTS OF THE A. U. A.—Nos 229 and 230. A Brief Statement of Reasons for Declining to receive the Doctrine of the Trinity, by Rev John Cordner. Being Tract of the A. U. A. for August. Price 4 cents.

The Voices of the Dead, by Rev Orville Dewey, D. D. Tract of the A. U. A. for Sept. Price 3 cents.

For sale at the Depository of the A. U. A., 118 Washington street, by WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS. s26 3t

SUMNER'S ORATION. This day published—The Scholar, The Jurist, The Artist, The Philanthropist. An Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University at their Anniversary, August 27, 1846, by Charles Sumner. Price 25 cents, 8vo, pp 72.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t s26

GREENWOOD'S CHAPEL LITURGY. A Liturgy for the use of the Church at King's Chapel in Boston, collected principally from the book of Common Prayer. Fifth edition, with Family Prayers and Services, and other additions, by F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D. A full supply in gilt and plain bindings.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School street. s26

LIFE OF REV. DR. WARE. Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr., by his brother, John Ware, M. D. A new edition, in 2 vols 12mo, with two Portraits.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3w s26

DR. WARE'S WORKS. The Works of the Rev Henry Ware, Jr., D.D., edited by the Rev Chandler Robbins, in 2 vols 12mo, with a Portrait.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t s26

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. Outlines of Physical Geography: designed as a companion to the Common School Geography and for the use of Grammar and High Schools. By John Q. Day, 12mo.

Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t s26

Mechanical and Dental Surgery.

Teeth at Cost, until Jan. 1, 1847!

OFFICE, No. 266, opposite to No, 307, Washington Street,

CORNER OF AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

FOR the purpose of introducing more extensively in many important respects, an entire new mode of preparing and mounting Mineral Teeth on plate, the merits of which, it is confidently believed will be found to greatly exceed the usual method of preparing them, the subscriber has been induced to offer such terms, for a limited time, as will not only give to the public generally an opportunity of testing the practical value of his theory, but will offer a rare opportunity for the poorer classes, whose means are too limited to pay the usual price demanded. The new principle is not only applicable to small cases of two or more teeth, but it is peculiarly and *especially* adapted to whole and half sets, where the alveolar or dental ridge has become uneven or irregular by the absorbing of some parts more than others. In all such cases it will be readily seen by an examination of the jaw, that *carved work* in blocks, prepared expressly for each case, is necessary, for restoring that which has been removed by absorption and for bringing out the cheeks and lips to their natural and uniform fullness. The difficulties to be overcome in whole and half sets, so far as the proper form is concerned, are thus fully met by this mode, and it is not possible to accomplish it so perfectly by any other means. It is the want of this ingeniously wrought block-work, to remedy the defects above referred to, that so many are unsuccessful in giving satisfaction in their plate work,—especially in whole and half sets. Another advantage of carved work,—and one of great importance too, is its cleanliness. Unless the teeth are moulded to fit the plate in the most perfect manner, the fine particles of masticated food, with the liquors of the mouth, will, as a matter of course, pass between the teeth and the plate; and after being retained there a few days, it being impossible to remove them, will invariably become offensive and taint the breath. Another advantage of paramount importance which the carved work has over that of single teeth, is, its perfect articulation. Each tooth should meet its opposite in the most exact manner in masticating food; otherwise the whole work will prove a source of continual annoyance, only known to those who have worn them. There are other advantages in this style of work, that can only be understood and appreciated by an examination of specimens that may be seen at the subscriber's office, which the public are respectfully invited to examine for themselves. They consist of whole and half sets; and a variety of cases of smaller magnitude, where great difficulty is overcome. They cannot fail to excite admiration from all who are pleased with close imitations of nature, and would inspire a confidence in their merits that the wearing of them would only tend to strengthen.

TERMS.

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F. FREEMAN.

Sandwich, Mass. Sept. 9, 1846. 4wis s19

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RAM

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

LINES.

—Yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence! [WORDSWORTH.

At the grey church a gath'ring rose,
A fun'ral train was there,
A maiden from the bloom of life
Lay low upon her bier;
nd many were the mourners round,
'Mong which a mother's form was found.

The rustic rites were nearly o'er,
The last sad look was past,
And gently closed the coffin lid
For the last time—the last!
Ah, then that mother's heart was rent
By keenest anguish ever sent.

But suddenly a check was given
To grief so deep, so wild;
"It seemed," said she, "from realms above,
My daughter pitying smiled
To see me weeping o'er her dust,
Unmindful of the spirit's trust.

And never has my grief returned,
From that most trying hour—
I know not whence the feeling came,
I know not whence the power."
This she expressed in phrase uncouth,
But in her thought was beauty, truth.

CILLA.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

They are all gone into a world of light,
I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Oh holy Hope, and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove, he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up, gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall,
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM MR. ALLEN'S CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE AT NORTHBOROUGH.

"This church has now existed a century, during which it has had only three pastors, including the one who now fills that office, and has been destitute of a settled minister only about fourteen months,—"a fact," as he took occasion to say in his account of Northborough, published twenty years since, "highly creditable to the members of the society, as an evidence of their regard for the institutions of religion, and of the union and harmony which have long subsisted among them." I may be allowed to quote the rest of the paragraph from which the foregoing extract is taken. "It may be justly considered," the writer remarks, "that the town is indebted to the spirit of union which has hitherto so generally prevailed among us, for the respectable rank which it now maintains. It would be easy, however painful, to predict the consequences of the prevalence of an opposite spirit. Large and opulent societies can bear to be reduced by division; but in societies small as this, and whose resources are no greater than ours, union should be the watch-word of all who wish well to the cause of human improvement."

These sentiments were entertained by the speaker twenty years ago; they are retained and cherished by him still. Union is strength; and though separation is better than strife, it is not unattended by many painful circumstances. In our own experience the evils of division have been less grievous than in the case of many of our brethren. A good degree of harmony has ever existed between the parent society and the two that have been formed out of it. The speaker has lived in good fellowship with all, and in habits of intimacy with some, of those who from time to time have sustained the pastoral office in the other churches; and he can truly say that he has, with very few exceptions, been treated with all the respect and kindness he could ask or desire by those who went out from us, as well as by those who have since united with them in the maintenance of religious institutions. In return, he has cherished only the most friendly feelings towards them; and, while he has scrupulously endeavored to avoid all improper interference and all attempts to proselyte, he has, he can truly say, sought opportunities to benefit the rising and the risen generation, without regard to sect or denomination.

Especially has he sought to know nothing of sect or party in his connection with the subject of education; and teachers and scholars in our public schools will testify, that, in his intercourse with them, he has shown no partiality in favor of the advocates of a particular religious creed. I call on others,—I call on you, my hearers,—I call upon this whole community, to pursue the same righteous and honorable course, and never to allow a sectarian spirit to enter those sacred retreats, consecrated to learning and science, where the tender minds of our children receive their earliest and deepest impressions.

The early records of this church, together with the house of the pastor, were destroyed by fire in 1780. In consequence of this calamity, some items of information, which we should be glad to possess, are irrecoverably lost.

From the Rev. Mr. Parkman's account of Westborough, we learn, that, in the year of Mr. Martyn's death, this church consisted of twenty-one males and twenty-three females. The number admitted during the ministry of Mr. Whitney, as nearly as can be ascertained, was 204; while 201 have been received into the church since I became its pastor, of whom about one half remain with us to this day. Our church at present consists of about 120 communicants. The number of baptisms, from the year 1780, when the records were destroyed, to the time of the decease of Mr. Whitney, was 691. The present pastor has baptized 318; while ten received baptism in the interval between the death of Mr. Whitney and the 30th of the following October. During my ministry, I have solemnized 208 marriages. I have thus united in indissoluble bonds 416 persons; of whom about 70 or 75, as nearly as I can learn, are no longer numbered among the living. The survivors, with the descendants of the 208 couples, would make a great congregation, and I have often thought that I should like to see them all assembled in one place, to learn their various fortunes, and to speak to them words of congratulation, and sympathy, and Christian counsel. The whole number of deaths within the borders of this town, since the beginning of my ministry, has been about 500; making the average 16 2-3. I have probably attended about the same number of funerals, in this and the neighboring towns.

The scenes and occasions that the recital of these facts calls up before me are, some of them, of the most deeply affecting character, and have left impressions on my mind which will remain while life or memory lasts.

Eight persons only, besides the present incumbents, have sustained the office of deacon in this church since its organization; and it is but justice to add, that, so far as I have learned, they were all men of great moral worth; respectable and respected. Of the first four I had, of course, no personal knowledge. Jonathan Livermore and Matthias Rice were the first that held that office. The former, who came from Watertown, and who lived to the great age of one hundred years and seven months, was, in his day, probably the best educated man in the place, and for many years in succession was clerk of the precinct. After the death of his first wife, the mother of his children, he married a lady of Irish extraction, a widow (Mrs. Jane Dunlap,) who lived in Milton, and was a member of the Congregational church in that place, and who, from letters of hers in my possession, addressed to the church, with which she had a protracted controversy, as well as from other sources, I should judge to have been a woman of strong intellect and of great independence, associated perhaps with some acerbity of temper, and, it may be, other faults of character. Certain it is that the church received her communications, of which she sent several, in no very courteous manner,—voting, on one occasion, (Nov. 23, 1784,) "unanimously," not one hand up," as the record reads, that her communication was not satisfactory.

Deacon Matthias Rice was a good man, "in simplicity and godly sincerity having his conversation in the world"; and such were, by reputation, the two successors of Deacons Rice and Livermore,—Deacons Paul Newton and Seth Rice. They all lived to a good old age, leaving behind them the savor of a good name. Of the other four I can speak from personal and intimate knowledge. Deacon Isaac Davis and Deacon Nahum Fay were in office at the time of my ordination, and during several of the first years of my ministry; and I may add, that, though differing from me on points of doctrinal belief, they were my personal friends, from whom, so long as they lived, I experienced uniform kindness. Deacon Jonas Bartlett and Samul Seaver, Sen., have so recently ceased from their mortal labors, that few among us need to be informed that they, too, possessed the public confidence and respect. Of the present incumbents it does not become me here to speak.

I shall dwell but for a few moments on the present condition and prospect of this religious society. I cannot use the language of exultation and boastful confidence;—it is unbecoming at all times; it would be especially out of place at this time. When I think of the strong pillars that stood here thirty years ago, on which our social fabric and this church rested, and consider how they have fallen, one after another, till here and there a decaying shaft remains, I have no heart to exult; I am more inclined to *commune with my own heart and be still.*

* * * * *

"And now my parting word; for it is quite time to relieve your exhausted patience. My ministry has been protracted, and my labors among you have been blessed, far beyond my most sanguine hopes. According to the order of nature, which, if I might, I would not subvert or alter, I have seen my best days. I am deeply sensible that it is so; and I submit, without a murmur, to the great law of life,—that, while others increase, "I must decrease."

Receive, then, the word from my lips. As though I stood on the borders of the grave and in the prospect of the eternal world,—in the earnestness of a spirit that yearns towards you with a strong affection, I beseech you, dear brethren and friends, in the words of the apostle, adopted by the first minister of this church: "Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace;—and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Amen.

WILLIAM DORRILL AND "DORRILISM."

Died, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Rufus Shattuck, in Leyden, on Sunday, Aug. 30th, William Dorril, aged about 95 years.

The subject of this notice, though he died in great obscurity, was, nevertheless, for a time a personage of no inconsiderable notoriety in this region. He was the founder and head of the religious sect called "Dorrilites," which flourished in Leyden, in this County, in the years 1797 and 1798.

William Dorril was born in Sudbury, Gloucestershire, England, "108 miles by the stage road from London," about the year 1750. His father was a respectable farmer. At the age of 20 Dorril enlisted into the English Army, served 3 campaigns in Ireland, then came to this country, where he served 2 campaigns more, and was under Gen. Burgoyne at his surrender in 1778. Some time after he went to Petersham, Mass,, where he married Polly Chase, who was 10 years younger than himself, and who died some 6 or 8 years ago. After living 2 years in Petersham, he removed to Warwick, where he resided 10 years, and thence removed to the east part of Leyden, where he continued till his decease.

In the spring of the year 1797, Dorril pretended that a "revelation" was made to him, as he was chopping wood in the forest. A voice seemed to say to him, "render yourself an acceptable sacrifice," or something similar. He immediately commenced the establishment of a religious sect, and pretended to be *inspired*. In course of a few months, more than 20 families from Leyden and Bernardston, joined him; many of them quite respectable people; selectmen, church members &c., and quite a community was formed.

Dorrill's religious faith had many peculiarities. He pretended to have supernatural powers, and having the attributes of Deity, it was not in the power of man to hurt him. He and his followers discarded, entirely, and pretended to disbelieve the Bible, and all revelation, except what Dorril received himself—set at defiance all civil laws, and were governed in all their conduct, as they expressed it, "by the light of nature." They eat no meat or other animal substance, and used no clothing that was procured at the expense of life, nor would they wear wool, the produce of an animal. Their dress was therefore, made of tow and flax, or of cotton cloth, and their shoes were made of *wood*, a sample of which is now preserved in the Museum of Deerfield Academy. One of their leading members, was once seen abroad, in the midst of winter, dressed in "tow cloth," and wearing *wooden shoes!* Their blacksmith, who was also their Clerk and Treasurer, covered his bellows with *cloth*, so as not to use leather. Meetings were held once a week, at which their worship consisted in eating and drinking:—singing, fiddling and dancing, and hearing lectures from Dorril. A negro, by the name of John Dixon, alias "Jack the fiddler," of Coleraine, was hired by them to play on his violin, at their meetings. They held all days alike, but seemed to take particular pains to desecrate the Sabbath, by dancing and noisy revelry on that day. Seven Dorrilites were complained of, for raising a building on the Sabbath. They were arraigned before a magistrate in Bernardston, for the offence. A lawyer, one of the oldest attorneys of the Franklin county Bar, now alive, was employed to defend them. All but one were acquitted.

In theory, the Dorrilites were *non-resistance*; but it is quite doubtful how far the whole community carried it out in practice. If Dorril was struck, or otherways injured, he would make no resistance whatever. He pretended that "no arm of flesh could injure him," and that he should never die, but be translated—or miraculously changed. They had a covenant by which they placed a large share of their property in common stock,—and their Treasurer, a man well versed in "counting dollars," was made their chief financier.

Hannah Adams's Dictionary of all religions, published in 1817, thus speaks of this strange sect. "Dorrilites, the followers of Dorril, a Sectary, who appeared in Leyden, in Mass., in 1797, and pretended to be a prophet, sent to supersede the dispensation of Jesus Christ. It appears from an account of his tenets which was taken from his own mouth, that he denied the foreknowledge of God and his Almighty power. Jesus Christ, said he, "is to substance a spirit and is God. He took a body, and died, and never rose from the dead. None of the human race will ever rise from their graves. The resurrection spoken of in the Scriptures, is only one from sin, to spiritual life, which consists in perfect obedience to God. The *substance* is God revealed in the soul; those who have it are perfect,—are incapable of sinning, and have nothing to do with the Bible." Dorril denied future judgment, and asserted that neither prayer nor any other worship is necessary. Dictionary all Religions, p. 67.

In 1798, Dorrilism had produced so much excitement in this county, that Rev. John Taylor, of Deerfield, made him a visit, and published an account of Dorril's views, and his conversation with him, in the Greenfield Gazette, a paper then published in Greenfield, by the late Thomas Dickman, Esq. and the same were also printed in the Mass. Spy at Worcester.

There is a tradition, that after the delusion had continued some months, one of their first members, (a man of tolerable intellect and education, who was afterwards a Justice of the Peace,) by direction of Dorril, *hung up and roasted his Bible before a fire*,—and another, that Dorril pretended that it was revealed to him that the whole community should go to Greenfield in a state of *nudity!* This most supreme absurdity seemed in some degree to open the eyes of his deluded and half insane followers, and they utterly refused to obey him.

At length Dorril's power and influence seemed to have arrived at a crisis. At one of his meetings, which was fully attended by spectators from the neighboring towns, as well as Leyden, Dorril opened with music by black Jack, as usual, and commenced his lectures. When he came to the doctrine of his mysterious and prophetic powers, and had uttered the words "no arm can hurt my flesh," one Capt. Ezekiel Foster, of Leyden,—a man of gigantic strength and courage, and no believer in Dorrilism,—advanced towards him, and *knocked him down with his fist, in the midst of the meeting!* Dorril, affrightened and almost senseless, attempted to rise, when he received a second blow from the powerful arm of Capt. Foster. Dorril then cried for mercy. A short parley soon ensued, when Dorril consented to, and actually did, renounce his doctrine in the hearing of his astonished followers. He further told them that his object was to *see what fools he could make of mankind!* The above transaction was communicated to a gentleman of Guilford, Vt., by Capt. Forster, who avouched for its correctness.* This was about the last of Dorrilism. His followers abandoned him, and he gave himself up to drunkenness—supporting himself and wife by his daily labor,—until he became too infirm for work, when he was supported by his children, who are respectable and worthy people.

In the winter of 1834, the writer of this article, in company with a friend, visited Dorril at his house, and took a cast of his head in Plaster of Paris. He communicated to us, very readily, many of the above facts. He then lived in the north easterly corner of Leyden—in a poor old house—in a cold, bleak place—far from any neighbors or a travelled road. His stature was large—eyes quick—forehead full and sloping.—His phrenological development was quite uncommon. The region of the intellectual organs was full; but his moral and conscientious faculties were remarkably small. Firmness and self-esteem were very large. It is said of him that he never forfeited his word even in the smallest engagement. A neighbor remarked, that "he always fulfilled his promises, drunk or sober." The organs indicating the animal propensities, were also very full,—hence his drunkenness and lasciviousness; but combativeness and destructiveness were small. He, therefore was a "non-resistant."

Such is a history of the "ignorant old countryman," as Dorril used to call himself, and "the wild goose chase," as he termed it, in which he led many honest but ignorant and deluded people. It is now near fifty years, since his followers left him and his schemes (if he had any) vanished like the early dew. During that time, he has lived in obscurity and poverty—but he never became a believer in christianity,—nor did he ever give up, entirely, the idea that "revelations" were made to him from a superior power. He lived to the advanced age of 95 or 96, and finally, having become weary of life, he literally starved himself to death. For four weeks before his death, he took no nourishment whatever except cold water, seemingly determined "to shuffle off this mortal coil," and end an existence that had become destitute of comfort or satisfaction. Thus he died—as he had lived—"without hope and without God in the world. Had his education been better, he might have made a Hume or a Voltaire; but he never would have become a Watts or a Channing. He had some good qualities. Who has not?

Let the good that he did be remembered. But "let the evil be interred with his bones."

H. W. C.

Bernardston, Sept. 5, 1846. [Franklin Democrat.

* Gazetteer of Vt.

☞ LUCK. Rev. H. W. Beecher says in one of his lectures:—

"I may here as well as any where impart the secret of *good* and *bad luck*. There are men, who supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others.—One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments;—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that foo's ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in I know he has had bad luck.—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tipplei "

THE CORAL INSECT.

Mr. Darwin, on visiting the Coral Islands in the Pacific, and witnessing the immense results of the labors of the myriads of submarine architects, thus tells his impressions of the scene:

"I can hardly explain the cause, but there is to my mind a considerable degree of grandeur in the view of the outer shores of those lagoon islands.—There is a simplicity in the barrier-like beach the margin of green bushes and tall cocoanuts, the solid flat of coral rock, strewed here and there with great fragments, and the line of furious breakers, all rounding away towards either hand. The ocean, throwing its waters over the broad reef, appears an invincible, all powerful enemy, yet we see it resisted and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. It is not that the ocean spares the rock of coral; the great fragments scattered over the reef, and accumulated on the beach, whence the tall cocoanut springs, plainly bespeak the unrelenting power of its waves. Nor are there any periods of repose granted. The long swell, caused by the gentle but steady action of the trade wind always blowing in one direction over a wide area, causes breakers, which even exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and which never cease to rage. It is impossible to behold these waves without feeling a conviction that an island, though built of the hardest rock, let it be perphyrry, granite or quartz, would ultimately yield, and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant, coral islets stand and are victorious; for here another power as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime one by one from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Let the hurricane tear up its thousand huge fragments; yet what will this tell against the accumulated labors of myriads of architects at work night and day, month after month? Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polypus, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the wave of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature, could successfully resist."

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Bellevue House, Newport.

MY DEAR LITTLE GARA,—You think because I write letters and tell stories to the little *boys*, I should do the same for you; well, if you will try to do well, I will; and other little girls can read them too;—but all little girls and great girls too, should be very careful to have all their daily duties performed, and their things in order, before they read. Now I knew once a little girl who did not do this, and I will tell you about her.—Her name was Lucy. Little Lucy's mamma and papa were very fond of her, and she was really a very good litule girl. She was very fond of reading, and her friends frequently gave her pretty story books to read. Well, she had a nice little room all furnished with little furniture like yours, and her mamma told her always to lay her things in the little drawers at once, and put her clothes where she could find them when wanted; this Lucy did generally: always, unless she was tempted away by a book; when such was the case she would forget every thing but the book. Her mother felt anxious for her little daughter Lucy, and talked to her, but perhaps the next day she would go into Lucy's room and find Lucy reading, and every thing tossed about, just as if neatness was not one of the most important words in a little woman's dictionary.—Little Lucy's papa had promised all the children, if they were good, to take them to the Menagerie, to see the lions and other beasts—which were to remain in town but one week. The week had passed all but one day, and he had not been able to leave his business long enough to go. Some of the children in the street had been, and told Lucy about the elephants and bears, and she wanted to see them much. Well, the last day came, and though quite inconvenient to do so, Lucy's papa came home and told them all to be ready in fifteen minutes, and he would take them to the Menagerie. At breakfast he thought he could not possible go, and they must give it up till the animals came another year; so when Lucy went to her room where her things were lying round, she thought of what her mother had often told her, viz: *duties first, pleasure, second*,—yet espying a pretty picture book which had been mislaid sometime, she said to herself, no hurry, no hurry about putting things to rights, as I am not going out with papa, I can do it *any time*.—So, when the word came to go, she was in quite a hurry; but she thought she knew where her things lay, so she began to dress. She made out so well, that she said to herself to excuse what she knew had been wrong, there now, my things are a great deal handier for being laid round. It would take some time to open my drawers if they were put away, and a little merry laugh escaped her as she took both gloves and turned for the last thing, her bonnet, which she left in a chair where she picked up her picture book in the morning. Alas, it was not to be seen; she ran to the box where it ought to have been, in hopes some how it had got there, but no, no bonnet was to be found. She ran into the entry, hoping her mamma had laid it on the table—no—no bonnet. Just then she heard her papa's voice down stairs. Well are you all ready? come, jump into the carriage, but where's Lucy? Then they all called, 'Lucy, Lucy.'—Now Lucy was ashamed to say she had lost her bonnet, so thinking some one had seen it, and would tell without, she answered, all ready, papa, but my bonnet; mamma did you take my bonnet down for me? and she peeped her troubled little face over the rail. 'No, dear,' said her mamma, 'is it not in your box?' 'O, ho!' said her father, 'lost your bonnet have you, Miss Tidy! well, then you will loose your ride and visit to the Menaugerie, too.' 'O, do wait papa, just one minute, till I look, and she burst out crying. Her father was a very kind man, and had come home on purpose to gratify the children, and though every minute was precious to him, yet he waited, so sorry was he to go without his little Lucy. And her mamma ran up stairs to help her look for the lost bonnet.—At length the patience of all was exhausted,—the bonnet was no where to be found—and little Lucy, sobbing as though her heart would break, saw the carriage drive off without her. After weeping bitterly awhile she went to her room, but there by the picture book, the cause of all her trouble, and she did not like its look; so she wandered into another room, thinking how long they were gone, and how lonesome she was; in that room, she heard her brothers favorite dog, little Fido, playing under the bed, and she thought she was so lonely she would play too. So she peeped under the bed to him, and there lay her beautiful bonnet, her lost bonnet, between his paws and his teeth all torn to pieces! He had dragged it down from the chair in Lucy's room while she was reading, and carried it to shake and play with under her brother's bed! Poor Lucy! it was Saturday—the anniversary of the Sabbath school was the next day. She had practised all the tunes, and 'Oh,' she cried out, 'now I cant go. Oh if I had only put my bonnet in its place, how happy I should be.' Soon, they came home from the Menagerie so delighted with all they saw, she thought her punishment too great to bear. But it was not, it was just right; for Little Lucy ever after put away her things and fixed up her room, before she took a book in her hand, and soon she was one of the neatest little girls I ever saw. Now, my little daughter and all the little girls who may read the stories I shall write, must remember about little Lucy and her bonnet, and always have a place for every thing and every thing in its place, before beginning to read a story. MOTHER.

[Christian Reflector.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE, No. 230 East Broadway. Arrangements are made at this Institution for instruction in the elements and higher branches of an English education, including Vocal Music, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, &c. Instruction will be given in the French, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. Students in the Male Department are qualified for active employments in business, or for admission to any class at College.

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The year is divided into four quarters of eleven weeks each, the year commencing with the first Monday in September.

For further information, apply to either of the associate Principals, at the Institute, as above.

E. H. JENNY, A. M.
J. BLACKMER, A. M.

New York, May, 1846.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Rufus E. Dixon,
SURGEON DENTIST,
NO. 7 WINTER STREET.
ag15 tf

BATES' PATENT
Sliding Top Chamber Shower Bath.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture and has on hand a large assortment of the above celebrated CHAMBER SHOWER BATHS; he will finish them to suit the taste of the purchaser. From numerous recommendations, the following are selected:

[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for ii is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.

The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.

The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.

Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.

Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]

Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.

J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

I am respectfully yours, &c.

H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulmonary complaints, which are the scourge of New England.

The following gentlemen have the Bath in use in their families:

Hon Peleg Sprague, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice S. J. Court.
Hon Robert C. Winthrop, Member of Congress.
Hon John Quincy Adams, do.
Hon Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston.
Rev Francis Parkman, Boston.
Professor Felton, Harvard College.
Dr John C. Warren, Boston.
Dr Winslow Lewis, Jr. do.
Dr John Homans, do.
Dr J. W. F. Lane, do.
Professor Greenleaf, Harvard College.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Boston.
Dr Wigglesworth, do.
Dr G. H. Lodge, do.
Rev John Pierpont, do.
Rev Samuel Barrett, do.
Lucius M. Sargent, Roxbury.

Also, Badger's Vapor Apparatus, to be used with or without the Shower Bath; Bathing Tubs and Pans; Roman Hip or Sits Baths; Leg, Head, Feet, Arm and Elbow Bathing Vessels; Foot Tubs and Pneumatic Baths; Hair Mittens and Rubbers; Bathing Caps, &c. &c. L. V. BADGER, 49 Congress st.

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f18 osly

WANTED, to supply files, a few copies of the Christian Register of June 6th. Subscribers who have no further use for that number will do the publisher a favor by sending it, by mail, or otherwise, addressed to "Christian Register, Boston." jy11

TEETH
INSERTED ON A NEW PRINCIPLE
AND ON
UNUSUALLY FAVORABLE TERMS.

DR. MORTON, No. 19 Tremont Row, at the former office of Wells & Morton, would ask the attention to one of the most valuable inventions that has ever been made either in the dental art or any other wherein personal comfort is much concerned.—It being a method which is not in general use and one that enables him to make a perfect fit render them useful and ornamental, being subject to none of the difficulties or objections that usually attend artificial Teeth, such as moving about, cutting the jaws, or to the great mortification of the patient, dropping down and shaking about.

Being fully aware of the light upon which the mere assertions of the advertiser is justly looked upon at the present crisis, I should be very reluctant to come before the public with these strong assertions were it not that I am willing to have my method tested by all who desire it, upon such terms as I think no candid person can make the slightest objection to.

Being convinced that when this principle of inserting Teeth shall become more generally known, and thoroughly appreciated, and the countenances of thousands will be brightened up and freed from wrinkles, and that I shall have the satisfaction of bringing it more immediately before the public.

I have now determined to insert Teeth, until further notice, without receiving compensation when they are inserted for anything except the cost of constructing them until the expiration of 3 or 6 months, or until sufficient time has elapsed to give the patient an opportunity of satisfying themselves whether this principle is really valuable and superior to any other method of inserting Teeth, at which time the compensation will be required that is previously agreed upon

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[From the Christian Register.]

The publisher of this paper had an opportunity of witnessing an operation performed by Dr. Morton, which the Transcript gives the following description of

[From the Transcript.]

DENTAL SURGERY.—Without wishing to detract from the merits of any of the regularly educated Surgeon Dentists of this city, we would call the attention of the public to a scientific gentleman, in whom entire confidence may be reposed, to perform, in an elegant manner, any operation that may come under the cognizance of a Dentist. We are led to these remarks by having had an opportunity, recently, of examining the most perfect and beautiful set of teeth, for the upper and under jaw, that ever fell under our observation. They were made and inserted a short time since, by Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, (whose skill has often been employed in more complicated cases) for a lady, who wears them with perfect comfort. The teeth are inserted upon a plate, which is said to be superior to any other in general use. The contrivance which supports the teeth in the mouth is extremely ingenious and scientific, and deserves marked attention by those interested. The teeth and all that portion of the jaw which was absorbed away by the loss of them, was carved so as not only perfectly to restore the countenance to its natural form but rendered them much firmer, more cleanly than single teeth, or even those in blocks of three or four. Improvements of this nature are valuable, and should be made public, that the afflicted may be benefitted thereby, by availing themselves of the skill that Dr. Morton is able to apply, after many years of practice and experiment.

IMPROVED DENTISTRY. Dr. W. T. G. Morton, an ingenious Dentist in Tremont Row, in this city, has recently executed some extraordinary specimens of dental ingenuity, which makes it a difficult question to decide which *looks* the best—nature's work or his! Within a year this same gentleman has constructed an artificial palate for an unfortunate female, that produced a sensation among those who are solicitious for the progress of those arts which immediately promote the physical comfort of our race. It is because we are proud of every achievment in dental surgery, and operative dentistry, for which the age is unquestionably distinguished, that a special notice is taken of these beautiful specimens of the handiwork of Dr. Morton. [Bost. Med. and Sur. Journal.

[From the Recorder.]

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—The improvements that have been made in this art during a few years past, is unrivalled. Our minds were directed to this subject a short time since, by seeing a piece of work constituting a whole jaw, teeth and all, in one single piece, being a perfect imitation of the whole jaw, gum and teeth, which on being introduced into the mouth, we never should suspect any portion of the individual to be artificial. This ingenious invention and piece of work was executed by Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row.

[From the Times.]

TEETH.—There can be no mistake about the invention of Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row, for the name of Dr. Charles T. Jackson is the very best authority which could be produced. Those who prize a good set of Teeth, will not fail at least, to call and examine specimens of work on this new plan.

[From the Mail.]

DENTAL SCIENCE.—We saw a few days since an entire new set of artificial Teeth inserted for a lady, by Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, that defied the most critical observer to detect from the original. In the case above referred to, the lady experiences no difficulty whatever, in mastication nor is her speech affected in the slightest degree.

[From the Transcript.]

Dr. Morton, Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row, has taken the right course to introduce his invention, by producing the result of Dr. Charles T. Jackson's analysis with his own signature.

[From the Gazette.]

Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, has made a great improvement in mechanical dentistry. We have seen a whole upper set of teeth, and we consider the style and finish to be a little superior to any we ever saw, and with the additional strength afforded by this mode of finish, we think it a very great improvement over the old method.

[From the Evening Gazette]

IMPORTANT TO THE TOOTHLESS.—Teeth are now inserted by Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, by a chemical process, so firmly to the jaw that several pounds weight may be attached to the plate and raised from the floor.

[From the Christian Watchman.]

DENTISTRY.—We were much gratified with a visit a few days ago to the rooms of Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row. The toothless are there supplied with complete sets of teeth, inserted on a new principle.

Dr. Morton has studied the dental art thoroughly, and on strictly scientific principles. He has in his possession the finest anatomical preparations, illustrative of the structure, positions, gradual development, and decay of the teeth, which we have ever seen, imported from Paris expressly for use.

[From the Boston Post.]

Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row, has been particularly successful in contriving gold plates for the support of artificial teeth, and has given the most perfect satisfaction in some recent operations of a very difficult nature.

Having witnessed the operation of uniting gold plates, as practised by Wells & Morton, and having, by their request, analyzed each part separately, I de hereby testify, that the gold, used in the place of solder, for uniting the plates, is *twenty carats fine*, which is equally pure as the plate itself. And when the plates are united in this manner the whole presents the same appearance as if never separated.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D.

BOSTON, Oct. 28, 1843. No. 27 Somerset Street.
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GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—JENKS & PALMER have just published the forty-first editon of 'a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.

This collection of Ps